THE
NATION

APRIL 28, 1969 *35 cents*

1-2769H PL-9200
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

Upsala College Library
East Orange, N. J.

The MASK of DE GAULLE CLAUDE BOURDET

West Virginia Miracle

The Black Lung Rebellion

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

THE BLACKS CRY GENOCIDE RALPH Z. HALLOW

The Englishman in Society

BLAKE & NONVIOLENCE John Sutherland

EDWARD LEAR Theodore Roszak

AMIS, POWELL, SNOW, NEWBY Robert K. Morris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

missile math

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: It is unfortunate that the colorful and eloquent arguments of Milton J. Rosenberg should be so frequently undermined by inaccurate and incomplete information ["Blind Strategy of Missile Defense," *The Nation*, Feb. 10].

For example, he repeats again and again without substantiation that an ABM system won't work, yet McNamara testified in February 1967 before the House Armed Services Committee that a heavy U.S. ABM deployment costing about $22 billion would cut the U.S. fatalities from a mid-1970 Soviet attack on our cities from 100 million to about 20 million, and that the Soviet Union could *partially* offset this reduction in fatalities by increasing their offensive force at a fraction of the cost of our ABM, but they could not *completely* offset this reduction without spending *more* on offensive capability than the cost of our ABM. . . .

Mr. Rosenberg states that "shelters will not adequately protect the sheltered, particularly when they emerge into a poisoned devastation." Shelters have a capability for saving lives which may well take the teeth out of our policy of deterrence by Assured Destruction, if the recently stepped-up Soviet civil defense program of strategic evacuation of cities is effective.

For example, if the populace of Moscow were distributed over a circular area of 50 miles radius and protected by fallout shelters with a capability of withstanding 15 pounds per square inch overpressure, it would require almost 700 air bursts, or about 1,200 surface bursts, each of one megaton, requiring virtually the entire U.S. ICBM force, to destroy these 6 to 8 million people by blast and shock alone. In the case of an air burst attack, there will be little fallout. In the case of a surface burst attack, the "poisoned devastation" would cover several thousand square miles, but after two weeks any survivors from the blast or shock could undertake a safe evacuation by special vehicles on land and by boats along the waterways. Such an evacuation from a contaminated area is apparently part of the Soviet plan for civil defense. Without any civil defense plans or ABM, the entire city of Moscow, populace and property, would be completely destroyed by at most three one-megaton bombs. . . .

Mr. Rosenberg mentions a number of effects on cities if Sprints are used to defend them. Outside of the fact that he has grossly exaggerated these effects, Rosenberg neglects to mention that if the situation arises wherein the Sprint missiles must be used, they will be attacking warheads which are probably several hundred times more powerful, and designed specifically to destroy the cities. . . .

Carsten M. Haaland, Physicist

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Haaland's information is as arguable and as incomplete as his logic is elusive. The assertion that an "ABM system won't work" to save lives is hardly, as he suggests it is, lacking in substantiation. Virtually all relevant scientists outside the Defense establishment, and many within it, have rendered the same judgment that I did.

Mr. Haaland himself gives the game away when he acknowledges that the Soviets could "completely offset" any reduction in American fatalities if they were willing to spend "more on offensive capability than the cost of our ABM." The preponderant extrapolative evidence is that it would *not* cost them that much. But, at any rate, the point is that an ABM city defense can be overwhelmed and its life-saving power totally negated. Since Mr. Haaland wrote his letter the President himself has announced that

(Continued on page 541)

EDITORIALS

Pretty Thin

After keeping us on tippy-toes for ninety days, the President, under growing Congressional pressure from both parties and from a section of the press, has presented the country with a ten-point domestic program embellished with the rhetoric of "new programs," "retooling," "new delivery systems," etc. Granted that peace in Southeast Asia is the problem of first priority, granted too that inflation is a serious problem and that more explication will be coming along in due course, still this shapes up as a very thin program—scarcely even minimal in its scope.

Stylistically, the Nixon Administration has made clear that it wants to play it cool and to avoid the overpromise of its predecessors. It is not a bad idea, but this latest message falls into the opposite error of failing to convey the sense of urgency which a precarious situation calls for. One might infer that the President is looking forward to the coming summer not so much with coolness as with complacency.

The PR tone is disquieting. Recently Mr. Nixon managed to scrape up $200 million—somehow, from somewhere—to tidy the burnt-out sections of the riot-devastated slums. He notes (so have we) that after "two, three and even four years nothing has been done," and he cites this as evidence of "the growing impotence of government." But gilding the ghetto, in Philip Meyer's phrase, does not solve its problems. As Mr. Meyer, a member of the Washington bureau of the Knight newspapers, points out, we must choose between gilding the slums and dispersing them. One is left with the feeling that dispersal is the last thing this Administration will consider.

The bit about "new delivery systems" is appropriated from the speeches of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Administration's leading "urbanologist." Mr. Moynihan finds it difficult to understand why our present delivery systems are working so badly. Presumably, when he gets around to basic causes, he will find them in bureaucracy, red tape, local incompetence, and other old standbys, but the measure of truth in this explanation ignores the fact that in several equally difficult fields—urban renewal, for instance—the delivery systems work just fine. Thomas I. Atkins, a Negro member of the Boston City Council, said recently (*New York Times*, April 13) that there has been "far more physical destruction and far more lives have been beat, twisted and wrecked in Boston by urban renewal than by rioting." Nor is Boston unique.

Or what about the farm subsidy program? Has there been any failure of this machinery to deliver the gravy to the big growers, year after year? Or is the Department of Defense unable to deliver the wherewithal to its contractors? The checks go out with the utmost promptness and efficiency, and the hardware comes in.

In the food stamp program, on the other hand, snafu follows on snafu. The reason is that those with real power don't want that program to work. A lot of local administration is involved in the farm subsidy program, but it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not block delivery of funds to those rightfully entitled to them. Checks to big growers and food stamps for the rural poor seem to obey different social laws.

Another means by which Mr. Nixon is gilding the ghetto is "black capitalism." It makes sense from his inveterately political viewpoint. He knows he has no chance of winning the Negro masses, but if he can reduce the Negro Democratic vote by 10 or 15 per cent, his position will be favorable enough. For the present at least, he need not concern himself with the devastating rate of failure in small businesses, of which 450,000 to 500,000 will be launched this year. The government has been encouraging such enterprises, especially among Negroes, some of whom are no more averse to taking a chance with government money than are the aerospace companies. But neither the successes nor the failures will solve the problems of the ghetto.

The one thing that emerges from the Nixon message and that might work is the proposal by Ben Heineman, president of Northwest Industries and head of the President's Commission on Income Maintenance. Heineman would substitute graduated subsidies for the poor for the hodgepodge of welfare measures now in use. The corporate world is becoming seriously worried about the welfare problem, and politicians note with misgivings the escalating Black Power in the Northern ghettos as Southern Negroes are given the choice between migrating or starving where they are. It is becoming clear, also, that the states and cities can no longer carry the relief load. Consequently something may happen because the power centers want it to happen, but it cannot be said that Mr. Nixon has moved such a development along with the vigor that one would expect of a President who is a leader as well as a politician.

Why Spy?

The EC-121 "intelligence" plane, shot down by a North Korean MIG, was the aerial equivalent of the *Pueblo*. That Navy spy ship was probably outside the 12-mile limit, but the North Koreans saw a chance to take her as a prize and gave themselves the benefit of the doubt by a mile or two. In the aerial encounter the probability is that the American aircraft was well out to sea and did not violate North Korean airspace, but what it was doing was just as objectionable to the "enemy" as if it had been circling over Pyongyang. Again they saw an opening, and again they did the shooting.

The fact is that this whole business of international waters and national airspace is a holdover from the early years of the century, before there were aircraft and while Britannia still ruled the waves. Since Nationalist China and the United States have been allies, Nationalist intelligence aircraft have sometimes invaded Red Chinese airspace, but on more numerous occasions they have photographed Red Chinese installations from the Taiwan Strait at slant range and without violating international law. Nor, if the EC-121 was 60 miles off the coast of North Korea, was it violating international law. It was

IN THIS ISSUE

April 28, 1969

EDITORIALS

522

ARTICLES

526 French Referendum: The Mask of de Gaulle — *Claude Bourdet*

529 West Virginia Miracle: The Black Lung Rebellion — *Robert G. Sherrill*

535 The Blacks Cry Genocide — *Ralph Z. Hallow*

537 Rebellion as Education — *Kingsley Widmer*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

542 William Blake and Nonviolence — *John Sutherland*

545 View from the Crumpetty Tree — *Theodore Roszak*

546 The English Way of Life — *Robert K. Morris*

547 Fun in Words — *Timothy Baland*

548 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

549 Music — *David Hamilton*

550 Films — *Robert Hatch*

550 The Very Latest News (poem) — *M. L. Rosenthal*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor
PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
HELEN YGLESIAS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, JOHN LOGAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, MAX KOZLOFF; Music, BENJAMIN BORETZ; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published each week (except for the omission of four issues) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1969 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION *Volume 208 No. 17*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only gathering electronic intelligence in a manner heretofore regarded as allowable. In both the *Pueblo* and the EC-121 cases the North Koreans were, one might say, ruthlessly and unilaterally updating international law to bring it abreast of technological reality.

Obviously, we can no longer rely on respect for the old system of law on the part of Communist nations with regimes like that of North Korea. Therefore, if it is imperative that such missions be continued, our vessels and aircraft must be protected as in a theatre of war—which this in effect is. There are dangers in such a course, but the admirals and generals (and the CIA) cannot continue to plan missions on the assumption that the enemy will behave chivalrously.

A further and even more cogent question is what purpose such missions actually serve. How does detailed knowledge of North Korean radar frequencies, etc., enhance the security of the United States? The Joint Chiefs of Staff, and others responsible, right up to the President, are morally obligated to explain that to the public.

Second Lap

Cleveland

Carl Stokes is going to run for a second term as the first black mayor of Cleveland. He made his announcement April 9, almost on the stroke of midnight, to a weary but roaring crowd of 2,100 faithful come to pay him homage at $100 a plate. Newscasts and papers the next day called his decision a surprise, though the civic dinner had obviously been undertaken to raise a war chest.

The evening was in trouble from the start. The local Democratic machine, run by grim-jawed Bert Porter, declared there was a "conflict of interests" among the sponsors; several utility officials and labor leaders promptly resigned from the committee. Half the city councilmen regretted that they would be busy that night. A right-wing white leader announced that he was requesting the Ford Foundation to fund a voter registration drive among ethnic groups, coyly reminding Clevelanders that a 1967 Ford grant paid for the big Negro registration that is credited with Stokes's close victory.

Robert Morse, president of Case Western Reserve University and chairman of the dinner, stuck it out. He and Stokes's aides put together a speakers' list of bright Democratic lights: Mayors Alioto of San Francisco, Cavanagh of Detroit, Hatcher of Gary, Allen of Atlanta, Maier of Milwaukee, D'Alesandro of Baltimore, White of Boston, Washington of the District of Columbia, and for clinchers, Ed Muskie as the main speaker and Bill Cosby as master of ceremonies. One after another the Mayors—except for White and Washington, who sent remorseful telegrams—clambered up to the lectern to joke about the folly of trying to run a city and to praise Stokes for doing just that.

As the city settled down after its Big Night, Stokes's fun was just beginning. Boss Porter let it be known that he hasn't yet decided to endorse the Mayor's candidacy. Even with a healthy campaign fund (the dinner netted close to $150,000), Stokes faces jealous opposition from within the Democratic Party and, probably, from the only Republican, County Auditor Ralph Park, who can bite deeply into the Democratic-registered ethnic minorities. Stokes's effort to put low-cost housing into the middle-class Lee-Seville area has hit stubborn resistance from resident blacks, who don't want any poor folks pulling down their new-found property values. Besides the usual cutbacks, his welfare program faces Republican Governor James Rhodes, who won't fork over state money due to Cleveland and now has his cold eye fixed on a 1970 run for the Senate.

What Stokes has going for him is faith—his faith in the system and the faith that most blacks and many whites have invested in him. His first two-year term needs a second to get its programs working. ADELE Z. SILVER

Into the Center Ring

The showdown between the academic generations, begun at Berkeley in 1964 and since re-enacted endlessly, has finally spilled out into the center ring of the academic world with the violent seizure of University Hall at Harvard. A certain sense of awe invades the accounts of this event, a tacit acceptance that here, at last, has been joined a climactic battle in a long, discordant and confused war.

There are good reasons for such a feeling. Never before has the central conflict been so purely isolated; always previously the battleground has been muddied by issues or circumstances extraneous to the central question. Columbia had its real estate issue and California, as always, its right-wing politics; and in this country always and ever—at San Jose, Wayne State, Queens, Brandeis—the very special, enormously pressing, assertive needs of black students and black studies. While the central question was everywhere at issue, at Harvard it is substantially the only issue: What is the proper purpose of a university? Does it have a true purpose unrelated to the needs of its faculty and students?

Harvard, it was assumed, was the one campus where this sort of confrontation could never occur. Free speech, for instance, could never become an issue at the institution which had nurtured Thoreau and John Reed. Harvard has maintained a long tradition, not of granting but of *demanding*, a higher degree of student freedom than students elsewhere had been moved to demand for themselves. This, indeed, was the college's special claim and source of pride. How, then, and against what, were its students to rebel?

The rebellion came, perhaps, simply because Harvard is there. Its extraordinarily high visibility might have made it inevitable that an irresponsible or violence-minded group of SDSers would hit out at the university—from resentment of the arrogant attitude (surely present) of intellectual immunity—or, perhaps, just to say it had been done, by God! And certainly there are many, the president of Harvard included, who give the impression that they think this is all that has happened.

But the protest cannot be so easily dismissed. It was not directed simply at involvement with the Defense establishment, as was, for instance, the protest at Pennsylvania a year ago. Harvard has never undertaken any secret re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

search or classified work for the government. And, earlier than many and as soon as most, Harvard had engaged to eliminate ROTC credit from the curriculum and its instructors from the faculty. It was on this issue that the militants struck, but behind it was the feeling that the world is horribly out of sorts, and that Harvard should somehow be made to feel the distemper.

There can be little doubt that the initial violent action of the militant group failed to receive broad support from faculty and student body. And had the president read campus opinion aright, he might have solidified support for the administration in this crisis. The ill-considered acts of the militants in invading University Hall and laying hands on deans had placed the advantage squarely in his court. But with exquisite clumsiness, Pusey threw it away by calling in the police. The consensus (however reluctant in some cases) is now strongly with the rebels. Even the moderates, to whom the occupation action was inexcusable, have found the call for police action even worse.

Why did Pusey, hitherto an apostle of tolerance and patience, so misread his script? His loyalty to Harvard is beyond question. Indeed, it is entirely probable that, feeling Harvard threatened, he acted with insufficient consultation. It was the act of a stubborn, angry, and essentially lonely man. But the principal failure was the inability to assess properly the true urgency of the situation, and of the feelings involved. The anti-war sentiment is no weaker at Harvard than it is elsewhere, and it demanded expression. While Harvard may be less vulnerable on these issues than are other campuses, an occasion for action was desired. But ROTC did not really fill the bill, and had the police not been called in, there the matter would probably have ended.

Harvard will survive; so, probably, will its president—if only for the reason that it will seem important not to have it appear that the rebels won. Nor did they: the university was attacked at its absolutely strongest point. Always a community of scholars, the concept of "service" to community or government takes a decidedly subordinate place at Harvard, and it is simply not vulnerable to those wishing to raise an anti-war protest on its premises.

University policies of this order will not change. There is almost nowhere to go in that direction; Harvard is already wholly there. Cries for "restructuring the university" are being heard, and may in time bear good fruit. But the wave of protest, directed elsewhere at weaknesses, has here found strength. While it is deplorable that the initial response was both ill-judged and badly timed, stability and balance will be restored. What is really to be regretted is that the attack did not occur some years earlier; for at Harvard, if anywhere, this illness will find its antidote.

Place in History

In the obituaries for Dwight D. Eisenhower the deed most often recalled from his years in the White House was his final one—the farewell address in which he warned the country of "the military-industrial complex." The phrase rang at the moment when he uttered it, because the President was himself a military man. And the reverberations from it were strong at the moment of his death because of the controversy over the ABM and the mired peace talks in Paris. It is quite possibly an immortal remark, as inevitably associated with Mr. Eisenhower as the advice of George Washington (also in a farewell address) to "steer clear of permanent alliances" is welded to his name.

It is in the interest of historical justice, therefore, to point out that Malcolm Moos, president of the University of Minnesota, wrote the major part of Mr. Eisenhower's valedictory and coined the famous phrase. At least, he believes he coined it. Interviewed by Robert Donovan of the *Los Angeles Times*, Dr. Moos recalled that he was lecturing at Johns Hopkins at the time and was much concerned by the very large federal research grants being received by that university, among others. He thought it a matter on which the President might well want to comment, and the phrase appeared in his notes on the subject. He might, he says, have read it somewhere, though a Library of Congress search has uncovered no previous reference. He might also have picked it up from Bryce N. Harlow, then as now a Presidential aide in a Republican administration. Mr. Harlow was also deeply concerned about the growing industrial reliance on military expenditures, and expressed himself at considerable length on the subject to Jerry Greene of the New York *Daily News*, saying among other things that "the militarist-industrialists are pretty well running our lives." [See "Munitions: A Way of Life," *The Nation*, March 4, 1961—but at that time Harlow could not be quoted by name.]

Questioned on the phone last week, Mr. Harlow said: "I have an ardent admiration for Malcolm Moos and would not think of contradicting anything he said in the public prints." Credit for using the phrase belongs in any case to Mr. Eisenhower: he gave it world renown (it is possible that Hamilton may have written much of Washington's farewell). But Mr. Harlow's comment has a somewhat Delphic ring, and if he and Mr. Moos could resolve this point between them, history would be their debtor.

And Now Onassis

A few weeks ago Premier George Papadopoulos graciously returned to the Greek people some of the civil rights which he and his brother colonels had taken from them. At least that was the announcement, timed to muffle criticism of the Greek military regime at the NATO ministers' meeting in Washington. Of course there is no prospect of libertarian government in Greece as long as the colonels remain in power. The psychology of the rulers is illustrated by a sage observation attributed (*Time*, April 18) to Deputy Prime Minister Stylianos Pattankos: "Christians behave themselves because they are afraid of going to hell. . . . Likewise, under our regime, Greeks behave because they are afraid. *Only the bad people are going to be punished.*" (Italics added.) The bad Greeks are those who want to govern themselves.

The antics of the current rulers of Greece are related to their origins. Their successful coup was engineered not by Athenians, or cosmopolites of any description, but by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military men who were born and raised in small towns or villages and who are still steeped in rural morality—which in Greece is not of this century. Depriving Greeks of such freedoms as they possessed under the monarchy seems to the colonels desirable in itself, since these freedoms were practiced mainly in the cities, which the colonels despise.

Such notions do not make for academic excellence, and in Athens the colonels are referred to as *stenokephalos*—narrow heads. A standing metropolitan joke is that Nikolaos Makarezos was selected as overseer of the economy because he was the colonel who knew how to add and subtract. In the mountain villages, however, the intellectual limitations of the colonels are regarded more indulgently. After all, these are country boys who made good in the city—in one sense at least.

The Greek poet George Seferis, a Nobel laureate, has referred to Greek literature under the colonels as a "stagnant swamp." The regime has countered with its idea of a positive contribution to national culture. By a document dated April 7 and signed by the Prime Minister personally, all newspapers and magazines of any importance are instructed to begin reprinting immediately a weekly selection from the "State Anthology of Modern Greek Literature." Newspapers must run this masterpiece on page 3, magazines across their center spreads.

Government-supplied "culture" will not, however, solve the country's economic woes. Litton Industries, one of the largest U.S. conglomerates, appears to be falling down on its contract to secure foreign capital for Greece, and tourism is lagging. Hope lies in only one direction, where stands the world's foremost entrepreneur, Aristotle Onassis. The junta is reported to be calling on Mr. Onassis to rescue Greece, which will make him even richer than he is now. "Aristotle and the Colonels"—it sounds like the second play in a sequence of Greek tragedy.

FRENCH REFERENDUM

THE MASK OF DE GAULLE

CLAUDE BOURDET

Paris

On Sunday, April 27, the French will vote once more in a nation-wide referendum. The issue, or rather issues, at stake look so technical that one would expect them to be treated dispassionately, and that indeed is the mood for which the government hopes. There have been a lot of surprised and pained statements, by ministers and the like, saying in effect, "Why all the hullabaloo? This is not a party-political issue; let's all get together and decide rationally." The opposition, refusing to comply, has countered such "defusing" attempts with a strong wave of anti-Gaullist propaganda. Government ranks are uneasy; opinion polls give the Yes votes a very slight edge, with a huge percentage of abstentions.

The matters at issue are the future regional structure of France and the role of its Senate. The referendum is allegedly intended to provide France with a less centralized form of administration, giving more initiative and power to provincial authorities. If it were indeed that, in fact, I doubt that 5 per cent of the French people would disagree, however strong the opposition propaganda.

Indeed, one can say that the overcentralized structure of France, a legacy of centuries, was—in an indirect, devious way, of course—one of the main explanations for the May 1968 "revolution." Three factors coincide and overlap to make centralization peculiarly unbearable in France. There is, as in every industrial country, the "globalizing" trend, which tends to make corporations bigger, state intervention more necessary, intercorporation and interstate decisions more frequent, and thus pushes upward—to the national capital, to the government, or even to some seat of an international organization, private or public—more and more of the decisions that affect people's work and lives.

The second phenomenon is purely French: in their fight against feudal aristocracy, the French kings developed a highly centralized system, drawn from the much admired example of the Roman Empire and from the intellectual heritage of Rome (the top decides, the middle implements, the bottom executes). That Roman heritage, the requirements of a Paris-led revolution, suspicion of the conservative provinces, led the revolutionaries of 1793 to follow the same line, after some Federalist tendencies had been crushed. Then Napoleon, a military man and dictator, established his police-state against both Right and Left, pushing centralization even further and setting the structure under which France has lived for a century and a half. Elected town authorities have less power in France than in any other civilized country; the ninety regional subdivisions (*départements*), too small to be economically viable by themselves, are administered by a government representative (*préfet*) with the help of an elected body (*Conseil Général*) which has little more than advisory powers, except on the few financial matters that the central state has not retained for itself. The French universities represent the acme of centralization. Until this year's attempt to reform them, one could say that there was in fact only one huge French university, of which the Minister of Education was the rector, and of which all French universities, technical institutes, colleges, etc., were mere local branches.

The third development is both French and modern, though traditional: General de Gaulle has established a new kind of autocratic state, with power vested at the absolute summit in a way to make all previous French autocracies look slack and loose. It is a one-man regime. Parliament is largely a rubber stamp, and machinery has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been built into the Constitution to deal with any possible Parliamentary rebellion. Ministers are the President's secretaries, as in America, but wield definitely less power than their American counterparts. Government by decree has been established as a habit; it is used in all "exceptional" circumstances, including any the Chief of State wishes to describe as such. Local authorities have seen their limited power still further diminished. The President has seen fit to intervene in incredibly parochial matters: for example, he forced a decision to his liking on the blueprint for Paris urban development, because the Paris city council, Gaullist members included, was at the time preparing to reject unanimously the government's (i.e., de Gaulle's) absurd project for Paris, year 2000.

Those three trends, mammoth globalism, traditional French centralism and the gravitational pull of de Gaulle's ego, have a multiplying effect. The May revolution was partly ignited by the frustrations of the French university —and, of course, of the modern world. It was also caused by the mad brutality of the Paris police, which is in any real sense directly controlled by the state, that is by de Gaulle, and in no way restrained by the elected city council, a sadly powerless institution. It is bad enough when a city's police is in the hands of a local boss (see Daley in Chicago), but I will argue that the same police in the hands of a dictator, supremely indifferent to any local reaction, is still worse.

Well, "things being as they are," as the old General likes to say (*"Les choses étant comme elles sont"*: a Gaullist idiotism which sends a large grin over any Frenchman's face, wherever you murmur it), anybody should welcome any effort toward decentralization. The new scheme for the university proposed by Minister of Education Edgar Faure, although it doesn't satisfy the leftist radicals, was considered an improvement by all "sober" people on the Left, including the Communists. (The leftist radicals' strongest point against it is precisely that by improving things it tends to remove "contradictions," to make the French universities workable, and thus destroys the chances of "revolution.") But then Faure is almost the only man in the cabinet who has a brain of his own (and who is consequently more respected by de Gaulle than are the benign and obedient menials).

However, the April 27 referendum is far less honest than Faure's university reform. It does indeed propose a remodeling of provincial structures, a regrouping of the *départements* into a number of larger provinces, or regions; and that is long overdue. It delivers to the new regions a few of the prerogatives and financial powers which can enable them to make some of their own decisions, and not await a nod from Paris for even the smallest project. But it fails completely to provide an outlet for the energy of enterprising citizens, or a framework for new regional freedom. The masters of the new regional structures will be the new *Préfets régionaux*, some twenty of them, officials nominated by de Gaulle, responsible only to him and endowed with immense power. They are a kind of viceroys or colonial governors.

Technically, this can be called decentralization, but politically, the system will be more strongly centralized than ever. The traditional locally elected bodies, the town municipalities and the *Conseils Généraux* in the smaller territorial units, will lose a large part of their remaining power to the new regional monarch, himself an instrument of the monarch in the Elysée Palace. The only way to balance this huge regional administrative power would have been to create a regional elected assembly at the same level of authority, but that would have meant fostering democracy—i.e., the ability to oppose—which de Gaulle literally loathes.

Macpherson, Toronto Star

As something had to be done to make the new structure *look* somewhat democratic, lest the plan for strengthening the national autocracy with a regional one be too blatantly obvious, "regional councils" are provided in the new project. But instead of being directly elected by the people, they are a weird cocktail of delegates designated by a majority vote of the *Conseils Généraux* (the Left being nearly always a minority in these councils, this two-stage vote in practice insures its elimination) and of "professionally competent persons," some chosen by the labor unions, but most by the farmers, by employer organizations and others—a carefully calculated balance that guarantees a "professional" group as safe, pro-Establishment and pro-de Gaulle as the political delegates. A Paris regional district council, concocted in a somewhat similar way, has existed for a number of years: it has proved perfectly harmless, and has been a useful claque for the Paris regional viceroy, M. Delouvrier.

France does not have a Supreme Court, but at least it has a High Court on Law and Administration, the Council of State. It is a respected advisory body, instituted by Napoleon, whose main job is to see that laws and government decisions are legally correct. According to the Constitution, de Gaulle had to ask the Council's advice about the referendum, and the Council has answered bluntly that in many places it violates the Constitution. The annoyed minister who received this opinion replied that the Council was after all "just another administrative

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body," and not to be pitted against the people's will. Imagine the President of the United States saying that the Justices of the Supreme Court are, after all, "just civil servants," and you'll get a feeling of what this dismissal meant in France.

The first point made in the Council's report was that Article 72 of the Constitution (de Gaulle's own home-made 1958 Constitution) provides that "*territorial communities*" (towns, all regional areas small or large) "*administer themselves freely through elected councils*"—a provision which clearly prohibits the weird Salazar-type contraption from being put forward as a regional council. A number of other points dealt with an even stranger aspect of the referendum, the reform of the Senate. The French Senate has little in common with its American namesake. During the Third Republic it was, as it still is, elected by the local city councils and by specially elected delegates; as usual, the double-stage vote made it a strongly conservative assembly, largely representing the local urban and rural establishments.

It had more power then, and often managed to block progressive legislation; the Left consistently threatened to abolish it. In 1945-46, though not abolished, it lost a lot of power, including the ability to kill legislation, which it could now only delay for some time. Up to 1958, its main function was to provide the political parties with soft berths for those of their leaders or prominent members who had failed in the direct Parliamentary election. Michel Debré, the first Gaullist Prime Minister after 1958 and today Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a Senator for many years.

But after the 1958 *coup d'état*, something curious happened. Although conservative, the Senate had always been a strong supporter of democratic traditions. It was also less dependent on popular sentiment than the directly elected National Assembly. The two-stage vote, the influence of thousands of town councils and village councils, whose Gaullism has always been weaker than that of the masses, have made the Senate a stronghold of non-Gaullism, if not anti-Gaullism. Thus the Senate gradually became a not very efficient but often vocal defender of democracy, while the National Assembly became more and more the "streamlined" and subservient instrument of the ego-state.

As a result, the Senate turned into a real pain in the neck for the aging autocrat; the more so as the 1958 Constitution took from its predecessors the provision that, in case of the President's death or resignation, the powers pro tem of the Chief of State (including preparations for the next Presidential election) should be held by the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate was, up to the last Senatorial election, a colored member of Caribbean origin, Gaston Monnerville, a staunch Republican, an opponent of all forms of dictatorship, and a man hated by all Gaullists, big and small. They find the new Senate President, Alain Poher, a Christian Democrat, only slightly more palatable.

But it is not only a question of compatibility; a big political issue is here at stake. As long as de Gaulle is alive, Gaullism works; as soon as he dies, the system will collapse—and with it will go a lot of vested interests, political and financial, unless some more brutal dictatorship, perhaps military rule, can be quickly established. It is therefore vital for the Gaullists that the man in charge of the country, in the period immediately after de Gaulle's death, should be a Gaullist, *not* a democratically minded President of the Senate.

That is why the second main question in the April 27 referendum is the "Reform of the Senate," and the essential point here (carefully hidden in a mass of detail) is that in the new scheme the Prime Minister, of course a true Gaullist and not the President of the Senate, succeeds the deceased or resigned President as a "caretaker" Chief of State. And as if that were not enough, de Gaulle's resentment against ten years of Senatorial hostility has led him to deprive that venerable institution of the last traces of power it still enjoyed. As the referendum would have it, the Senate could not even delay any legislation; it would become a purely consultative Assembly—and, so de Gaulle proposes, one in which "professional" Senators would be added to the political Senators, in the manner of the regional delegates. Theoretically this would "modernize" the Senate; actually it is an attempt to break its spirit of opposition.

Here again, the Council of State spoke against the project. *It is unconstitutional* to reform the Senate by way of a referendum, when there is a normal way of changing the Constitution through the two houses of Parliament; *it is unconstitutional* to deprive one of the two houses of Parliament of all legislative power, since it then ceases to be a part of Parliament; moreover the "professional" delegates, not being regularly elected, *cannot be considered* members of Parliament and cannot be legally protected as such.

If anyone had been in doubt about de Gaulle's intentions with regard to the regional part of the referendum, the Senatorial part would have cleared his mind. Once again, the old gentleman is attempting to by-pass his own Constitution in order to increase the authoritarianism of his regime and to rid himself of people or institutions that irritate him. In this light, the government's concern with decentralization, or with "modernization," amounts, if not to mere pretense, at best to a preoccupation with non-essentials. It is characteristic of Gaullism that a project should always be quite different from what it is alleged to be. (That may be true of all governments, but hardly to this extent.) "*Larvatus prodeo*"—"*I move forward under a mask*"—was the motto of Descartes, the father of French logic. It's an even better motto for President de Gaulle.

However, it is possible he may have overdone it this time. By clouding the political issues to make everything seem "technical," he has made it awkward to use his long effective blackmail: "Vote for me, or I'll let you drop back into revolution and chaos." Since there is a real possibility that the referendum will fail, the President on April 10, and contrary to an earlier promise, did wave his old resignation bludgeon. This time, however, it may prove ineffectual, producing only the slimmest of victories and leaving the regime weaker than before. That is why many of the government's friends think the old man has shown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

useless obstinacy on this matter, despite contrary advice from some of his ministers. The referendum could have been written otherwise, the Council of State could have been consulted beforehand, the National Assembly, instead of being by-passed, could have taken up the issue in a first stage. And it is such a tail-wagging puppy of an Assembly that it would have twisted itself into a loop to please de Gaulle—even if the Senate had been surly when it willy-nilly followed suit.

But de Gaulle does not like any Assembly, even a thoroughly Gaullist one. And de Gaulle, like God, does not take advice.

WEST VIRGINIA MIRACLE

THE BLACK LUNG REBELLION

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

One chilly morning in the middle of last February a miner at the Winding Gulf District Mine in Raleigh County, W.Va., decided he was fed up and made the simple gesture that is dreaded by mine owners. He dumped his water on the ground.

It is the traditional act of rebellion. Since no miner would think of going below without water, dumping it means he is personally on strike and is appealing to his comrades to join him. They always do. Coal miners, because they are both rural people and industrial workers, combine perfectly the elements of Populism that leads to an easy, willing militancy. They stick together and they are infinitely loyal to their own totems.

So when one man dumped, they all dumped, and within a week the coal fields of West Virginia were awash with rebellion, linking more than 40,000 miners in the biggest wildcat strike of modern times. It closed the industry.

It stayed closed for three weeks, opening again only after something of a miracle had been achieved. That is, the West Virginia legislature passed a law providing for the payment of compensation to workers whose lungs are permanently damaged by coal dust. The payment itself, however, is not the unique feature of this act. The thing that sets it apart from any previous reforms of this kind is that the payment is promised on terms that—at this time—do not require conclusive scientific evidence of disability.

Elsewhere coal miners receive compensation for crippled lungs only if they prove their case with X-rays. Alternative tests will now be accepted in West Virginia—balloon tests and treadmill tests and the like, none of them providing irrefutable evidence of the disease. Only in West Virginia do coal miners qualify by the *performance*, as well as by the *appearance*, of their lungs. X-ray evidence—the new law says—"shall not necessarily be conclusive" in the diagnosis of lung disease.

Equally important, the law says that a coal miner with crippled lungs can be *presumed* to have come by his ailment in the mines, if he has been working there for ten years. I am told that presumptive clauses of such generosity can be found outside of West Virginia only in the gold mines of South Africa and in the coal mines of Australia.

Speaking in terms of corporate resistance to change, it is no exaggeration to call this law a miracle. About a month ago West Virginia coal miners had no economic protection against losing their livelihood to "CWP" (coal workers pneumoconiosis) or, as it is popularly labeled in the headlines nowadays, "black lung." Today they are protected by the best workmen's compensation law in the world (if it is administered correctly, which many fear it will not be).

Thus there is a new precedent for helping those who succumb to industry's worst crippler. The United States Public Health Service admits that at least one of every ten active miners and one of every five retired miners have black lung to some extent; some doctors believe the incidence rate may be as high as 70 or 80 per cent. Until now, only Pennsylvania, Virginia and Alabama have had compensation laws to help them. Pennsylvania's is more generous, but it is not as loose (it demands X-ray proof) as West Virginia's, and at this stage of the scientific game it is this looseness that will help the miners most. Why this should be so will become evident from the details of the medical feud to be described in a moment.

The Leaderless Vanguard

The ferment within the coal fields that went into achieving the new legislation did not subside with the victory; it is spreading into other states and there is every indication that, after a long period of dormancy, the country's 150,000 miners are about to take a big step forward. Miners have always been the most militant and advanced section of the industrial working class—when they had leadership. But the United Mine Workers is in limbo these days, and has been for a decade or more. In recent years no leadership has come from John L. Lewis' hand-picked successor, W. A. (Tony) Boyle; when there has been any significant leadership at all, it has come from the local presidents, who have the least power in the UMW hierarchy but draw the most loyalty from the men who go into the mines. The wildcat that started the present rumble was led all the way by the local presidents; it was discouraged by Boyle and by his district officers, who are not elected but are chosen by him.

This is not to say that Boyle is a bad man. He is an antiquated man, who is confused when the rank and file show that they are no longer satisfied merely with a wage increase. Last year he bargained into existence the big-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gest pay raise (up $7 a day over a three-year period) that the UMW had ever won. What more do the men want?

For one thing, they want more assurance that they will come out of the mines alive and in one piece. Ninety per cent of workmen's compensation injury cases in West Virginia are coal miners. One of every ten men who go into the mines can expect to be hurt. The miners also

want to be able to breathe. In the nation as a whole, the death rate from chronic lung diseases is four times higher among coal miners than among other American males. They want the UMW officials at the top to stop playing footsie with the mine owners and with the owner-dominated Bureau of Mines, which has been notoriously lax in enforcing federal safety standards. As for dust standards, the federal government has none, and the UMW did not ask for any until this year.

When some of the striking miners denounced Boyle for giving them no support in their push for black lung legislation, he shouted them down. But when the revolt continued to spread, Boyle panicked and resorted to some of the most embarrassing appeals for sympathy that have been heard in Washington for some time. He told how, like Caesar, he had refused a lifetime election to the UMW presidency because he wanted to pursue the democratic process (a bold pitch in what is perhaps the least democratic major union in existence). And how he was grievously hurt by the suggestion that he was callous to safety standards. He claimed that his grandfather and two uncles and his father had all died from black lung and, in testimony before the House Labor Committee, he told how "I held my dying father in my arms and cried like a baby, though I was a grown man." This touching display would have been more relevant if Boyle had led the fight for black lung legislation, instead of riding in on its tailgate.

And when Rep. Ken Hechler of West Virginia began hounding him with criticism, Boyle (addressing a group of miners) held up a foot-long roll of bologna and said he would "shove it up . . . I mean shove it down Hechler's throat." There has been a tasteless desperation about Boyle's recent statements that betrays the uneasiness now vexing the UMW brass. It prompted Justin McCarthy, editor of the United Mine Workers *Journal* (which makes him the UMW's top public relations man), to concede recently: "We're not without fault. The UMW is a big outfit and it sometimes has the same kind of inertia that afflicts any bureaucracy." UMW officials display modesty only in moments of extreme crisis.

Even more significantly, Boyle recently admitted that the UMW erred in permitting the owners to mechanize the mines, as they have been doing since the early 1950s, without forcing them at the same time to deal with the coal dust churned into the air by these machines. "But," protested Boyle, in an excuse that is scarcely convincing after almost twenty years of machine operation, "who could have foreseen what the machines would do?"

History of Black Lung

The final statement of desperation was made recently by Justin McCarthy, in an interview for this article, when he explained that the UMW had not until this year sought to force compensation for black lung, and an end to the causes of it, because "we didn't know the disease existed."

That makes no sense. Communications between the United States and Britain, where black lung has been recognized as an occupational disease since 1943 and compensated for with money since 1948, are simply not that tenuous. Alabama has had a law calling for pneumoconiosis compensation since 1952, which means that for seventeen years the disease has been officially recognized in this country. And as early as 1956 Dr. Lorin E. Kerr, assistant to the executive medical officer of the UMW's own welfare and retirement fund, was publishing well-researched articles on the ailment. Thirteeen years ago he wrote: "Coal workers' pneumoconiosis is recognized legally and medically in Britain and medically in some other countries. The disease is reported to occur in the United States but the prevalence is unknown." Last year at the UMW's constitutional convention in Denver, Dr. Kerr declared that "coal workers' pneumoconiosis is the most important occupational dust disease occurring in the United States today. . . . It is safe to conclude from all available information that in the United States at least 125,000 miners have coal workers' pneumoconiosis. Since 1930 it has constituted the greatest medical and social problem in all industry." Still, the leadership of the UMW showed little interest in a full-scale assault on the problem until six months later, when the massive wildcat hit West Virginia.

The strike also hit the UMW brass, but it will probably turn out to have been a glancing blow. There is some talk among miners of demanding more autonomy for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

locals, and two opposition candidates have already announced that they will run against Boyle in the next election. But these are mild tremors, not earthquakes. Miners are for the most part deeply loyal to the traditions of the UMW, which is a singularly monolithic union. It has never fostered democracy, and for a reason of which miners are proud. When John L. Lewis and the other creators of the modern UMW began organizing, the company towns were, literally, concentration camps. To keep organizers out, the towns were often surrounded by barbed wire, with deputy sheriffs and yellow dogs at the gates. A worker needed a pass to go in and out. The counties paid for the goons. The operators brought in Negroes, Italians, Poles to break strikes—men of different nationalities were taught to hate one another. It was a brutal, nightmare situation, and to survive in it the union organizers and leaders had to dispense with the luxury of majority rule. Democracy might allow a company fink to slip in, get elected and destroy the shaky beginning. It happened again and again. The fears and suspicions that guided the union in those days are still present, and most UMW members, if only instinctively, still respect them. Neither democracy, nor escape from union autocracy, is uppermost in the minds of the rank and file, and the present stirrings should not be interpreted as insurrection.

Three-Man Circus

Nor should it be assumed that the working miners were the sole, or even crucial, force producing the recent changes. While it is true that they applied the economic pressure needed to make the industry-dominated West Virginia legislature pass the black lung compensation law, they were not the conscious fomenters of the rebellion. Mostly they acted from instinct and emotion, responding to an anger that had been deliberately drummed into them over a period of several months by nonunion outsiders.

West Virginia miners lead a mean existence. They earn rather good wages as industrial jobs go—$30 a day or so—but they do not live pleasantly in a green and pleasant land. The coal industry has torn up the state and torn up the lives of its residents. (Which is why young people are not turning to mining as they once did. The industry has appealed to the U.S. Department of Education to recruit and train 50,000 young miners in the next decade, to head off what otherwise will be a certain shortage.) Coal mining, still the state's second most important industry, was for most of West Virginia's history the leader with all the bullying prerogatives that pre-eminence claims in a poor and backward state. West Virginia's highly corrupt election practices were sufficiently salted with the money of the coal industry to permit it free reign. Paul Kaufmann, one of the state's best politicians and counsel for the Black Lung Association, puts it this way: "The coal mining industry has left a legacy of dirt and filth and orphans and crippled miners. It's very terrifying what an industry like this can do to a state. The slag heaps from the mines are continuously burning. The skies of southern West Virginia are overcast by a gray pall. Our streams are black. The countryside where this industry operates is ugly and, worst of all, the people are beginning to reflect the countryside. The industry has literally raped the state."

Having become accustomed to that treatment in that environment the miners would never have rebelled against it in a purposeful way if several influences had not worked on them concurrently. First of all, there was a mine explosion at Farmington on November 20. This was important only as a fuse for emotions—as mine disasters go, it was not much: seventy-eight dead. (History's most impressive mine explosion, in 1907, killed 367.) But the season was right for bringing in the drama-hunting cameras of national television. Thanksgiving was a week away, with Christmas not far beyond; and there were weeping wives and smudged-faced children aplenty to satisfy the nation's need for year-end sentiment. Day after day (as the argument continued over whether or not to seal the mine and thereby put an end to any hope for the trapped men) miners saw themselves and their occupation assume new dimensions of importance in the nation's eyes. All of a sudden they found themselves being fought over: Tony Boyle in a shouting match with critical reporters and Congressmen; the Department of Interior's Bureau of Mines being denounced in and out of Congress as a tool of the coal industry and criminally indifferent to the safety of the miners. Not for years had the miners been given so much attention. It made them see themselves differently. They began to rouse.

And rousing, they were ready for a more important force that was about to appear among them—a traveling lecture conducted by three physicians. "The Circus" was the name—meant as a slur, but also apt—given by some West Virginians to the show put on by Drs. I. E. Buff, Donald Rasmussen and Hawey Wells, Jr. If anyone is to be credited with the black lung rebellion that seems to be reshaping the coal industry, it is these three men, and especially Dr. Buff.

While the battle was conducted by the rules of politics and within the political arena, it was strictly a fight between opposing medical groups. The shame of the black lung record in industry is almost altogether a shame that attaches to the medical community. As the UMW's Dr. Kerr accurately put it, "The failure to take earlier action constitutes what may be labeled in the future as the greatest disgrace in the history of American medicine."

Medicine for the Companies

The UMW may have been too reluctant to press the industry for protection of the workers, but many physicians aided industry by downright fraud and deceit. According to Dr. Kerr, many death certificates of miners were inaccurately or incompletely made out to disguise the fact that they died from dust inhalation. "Some medical leaders claimed that coal dust was not only harmless but possibly beneficial," he says. "This medical denial of the existence or danger of coal dust has continued to be the position throughout the years of company-oriented physicians motivated by enlightened self-interest and a desire to save money for industry." The coal fields are full of such physicians. And the sympathetic ties they have always had with the wider medical establishment was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demonstrated in 1956 when an article by Dr. Kerr on pneumoconiosis was blocked from publication in a national medical journal.

To break through this wall of "scientific" opposition required brains, courage and a degree of gall. Buff, Rasmussen and Wells have all three. Dr. Wells, with extensive Public Health Service experience, is the son-in-law of Congressman Harley Staggers of West Virginia and reportedly has political ambitions of his own. He is a spellbinder, given to effective gimmickry (as when he crumples a piece of blackened lung in his hand and declares to a miner audience, "You're crazy if you let them do this to you"). Rasmussen, young and quiet spoken, with a red beard, has the most impressive credentials and experience of the three. For the past five years he has been director of the Pulmonary Laboratory at the Appalachian Regional Hospital in Beckley, W.Va., where he has conducted physiological studies of more than 3,000 coal miners to become recognized as one of the world's experts on the industry's diseases. Buff, the most dedicated of the trio, a man possessed of a mission, has been practicing as a heart specialist in Charleston for thirty-two years, during which time he has gone out of his way to bait the medical establishment, becoming so effective at it that the local medical society's grievance committee recommended that he be kicked out of the organization after he charged that the pathologists were doing very little except "collect their money."

Many people, especially coal industrialists, find Buff highly offensive. And some doctors, including Dr. Keith Morgan, head of the Appalachian Laboratories for Occupational Respiratory Diseases (ALFORD) at the University of West Virginia, and others who represent the conservative point of view, have stopped just short of calling him a charlatan. "I know they think I'm a nut," he says, "but I don't care."

But even his enemies agree that Buff is a genius at arousing crowds and organizing social crusades. Which means he is a specialist at propaganda overkill. In the style of all good zealots, he credits the enemy with no kindness or good intentions. Although most miners earn between $7,000 and $10,000 a year, he insists that the coal companies force them to "live in outhouses, like animals," and he discounts their income as a trap: "For $28 to $32 a day the companies are buying bodies. That's economic slavery."

Buff had been hacking away, trying to stir up public indignation over air pollution in and out of the mines for months, but without much success. Then came the Farmington mine explosion and death of the seventy-eight men, and he saw it as a chance to tie his crusade onto the tail of the kite. Starting with an attack on the indifference of the Bureau of Mines and of the UMW to all safety factors, he then focused on the dust aspect and stuck with it. Manipulating an explosion into a lung problem takes talent, but Buff has it.

Although he had never before met Dr. Rasmussen, and had met Dr. Wells only once, he recruited them to his platform within a matter of weeks, and the show was on the road. As they carried their circus successfully into the back roads areas, demanding that the miners and the newspapers wake up and view the problem in a new critical light, the medical establishment felt itself more and more on the defensive. If the miners were truly victims of bad diagnosis and indifference, the doctors of the area obviously must carry most of the blame. If autopsies had showed that 85 per cent of the miners were suffering from serious pneumoconiosis, as Buff claimed, why hadn't they spoken out years ago?

A Nice, Healthy Disease

Inevitably the establishment struck back. Several county medical societies passed resolutions insinuating that Buff, Rasmussen and Wells were unscientific rabble rousers and should be ignored. Dr. Roland Burns, who has represented coal companies in compensation cases—as have many of the leading physicians in the state—damned Buff for "spreading alarming publicity" with "exaggerative claims," aimed only at "inciting the coal miners." Burns and two other doctors persuaded the Cabell County Medical Society to pass a resolution which scoffed at the dangers of black lung, even judged black lung to be a healthy condition, and denounced the Buff-Rasmussen-Wells program as downright dangerous.

After dismissing the whole problem as nothing more than a traditional part of a coal miner's life (". . . retained dust in the lungs has been present in coal workers of the state of West Virginia for as long as coal has been mined"), the Cabell County Medical Society flatly stated that "a consensus of medical authority" considers "simple uncomplicated and uninfected Coal Worker's Pneumoconiosis a condition compatible with reasonable health and not associated with significant disabling diseases." Closing with an oblique charge of quackery on the part of Buff, Rasmussen and Wells, the society warned that "exaggerated claims not founded upon reproducible scientific medical facts can eventually produce harmful effects upon the coal worker. . . ." Since the three members of the circus were the only doctors making loud claims to the contrary, there was little doubt about whom the society was referring to.

This county medical society was not unusually panicky; in fact, its resolution pretty accurately reflected the opinion of most doctors in the state. But the most significant opposition came from the University of West Virginia and the U.S. Public Health Service, both at Morgantown, where most of the official research into the problem of miners' pulmonary diseases is supposed to be under way. Dr. Morgan, director of ALFORD, said of Buff: "I really don't think the man knows what 'black lung' is. I don't think he would recognize it if he saw it. He must think he's a knight in shining armor."

Involved here is an understandable rivalry. Until a few years ago the center of the U.S. Public Health Service's pulmonary studies in West Virginia was at the Appalachian Regional Hospital in Beckley and the leadership was in the hands of Rasmussen. Then Sen. Robert Byrd persuaded the federal government to shift the studies' headquarters to the university center. The motivation for the move was political but theoretically it was still a good idea since it would link the respiratory researchers more close-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly with the university medical school. The only trouble is, the research has never really got started.

Doctors at the university say privately that the Beckley research was "dedicated but inept." Buff and Rasmussen do not credit their rivals with being dedicated, but certainly accuse them of ineptness and a startling degree of sluggishness. As Buff puts it: "ALFORD has got $3.5 million from the federal government in three years and has examined only eighty-seven people. What they did the rest of the time, I don't know. The man who leads ALFORD, the people who head it, are pro-industry. The university itself is corporate-oriented. The ALFORD lab has done a great disservice to the coal miners."

Matter of Proof

But the rivalry goes beyond name calling. The Buff-Rasmussen-Wells vs. ALFORD dispute embodies the crucial points on which the entire argument will ultimately turn. It is the argument over detection, over whether or not black lung must be seen on X-ray to be judged a compensable disease. The Buff clique says it does not have to be seen; ALFORD disagrees. Many millions of dollars ride on the outcome.

Even laymen can understand that it is not an easy issue to decide. Say a miner comes into the hospital because he is having trouble breathing, but his X-rays do not show the kind of massive fibrosis of the lungs that would unchallengeably indicate pneumoconiosis. Even when he is given basic respiratory tests nothing conclusive shows up. Yet you know the man is no slacker. You know he is a proud man who is not trying to cheat the state out of compensation money. He has worked in the mines, say, more than fifteen years and it would seem certain that the ailment now making him breathless is connected with that work. But you can point to absolutely no concrete evidence of it. So how would you, if you were a doctor, rule on his case?

Buff and Rasmussen and Wells would give the man a pension on the ground (or theory) that if no obstruction of the air passages in the lungs is detectable on X-ray, the obstruction must be in the blood passages of the lungs—obstruction of a nature that cannot, as yet, be detected by X-ray.

Rasmussen explains: "In any kind of lung disease you have a combination of blood vessel abnormalities and breathing passage abnormalities. In those miners I have studied who were significantly impaired, whose capacity to work has been way, way cut down, probably two-thirds of them have normal ability to blow air in and out through the lungs, but at the same time there is clear evidence of resistance to getting oxygen through to the blood. We are not sure how to explain these abnormalities. We can only say that something is wrong with the blood vessels in the lung. They must be diminished or obstructed or something, or we wouldn't get this change. We think it comes about from coal dust. Of course, without having a piece of the fellow's lung to look at, we couldn't rule out other diseases or blood clots."

Because the coal-blackened areas of the lungs do not tell a consistent tale on the X-rays, Buff, Rasmussen and

Wells are further convinced that they are on the right track when they blame the blood vessels rather than the air passages. Some miners whose lungs show little damage are critically breathless, while others whose lungs are pictured on X-rays as being heavily clogged have no trouble breathing.

Several hundred autopsies have confirmed that many miners die of heart failure when coal dust clamps the small arteries in their lungs in a stiff, unyielding cast which eventually puts a critical load on their hearts. Few of these men had lungs which indicated a dangerous level of pneumoconiosis, but they had the disease.

Though these arguments as yet fall short of solidity, the counterproposals of the establishment doctors are still flimsier. Even such a respected physician as Charles Andrews, provost for health sciences at the University of West Virginia, claims that "most authorities feel that cigarette smoking is the most important factor" in the development of black lung. This weird opinion was topped only by the director of ALFORD, who is reported to have said privately that he never knew of a case of black lung except in a miner who smoked heavily.

Actually—as the most meager investigation would have shown these doctors—many miners stricken with black lung do not smoke at all and never have, some of them refraining because they are members of fundamentalist sects, common in West Virginia, which forbid smoking.

Diagnosis by Legislation

In any event, these were the two medical forces that came to the legislature this year: the Buff brigade who were willing to find proof of disease via a mixture of intelligent guesswork and science, and the university crowd which insisted the legislature could not logically go beyond Britain, which is twenty-five years ahead of the United States in its research and yet still requires X-ray proof of lung disease for compensation.

The attitude of the latter group was summed up in the statement of Dr. Andrews: "The idea of a person having coal pneumoconiosis without X-ray evidence is somewhat like a person having a common cold without a runny nose, without sneezing and without congestion of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nasal passages." The university doctors may or may not have offered more scientific testimony, but they most certainly offered what the coal operators want most of all —a reason to delay. With its present equipment and staff, ALFORD has been plodding along at the rate of two miners a week. It now proposes studies that could stretch out for five years.

If the West Virginia legislature had been allowed to decide between the Buff crowd and the university crowd, without interference or outside pressure, it undoubtedly would have sided with the argument for delay. But pressure and demagogy made the legislature swing against its normal inclinations—the pressure coming from the strike, the demagogy coming from the miners who paraded in and around the capitol with bogus coffins.

Having waited twenty-seven years since black lung was first officially identified by British scientists, the West Virginia miners decided they were in no mood to let university doctors play around any longer on behalf of the coal industry's pocketbook. Only four cases of pneumoconiosis had ever won workmen's compensation in the history of West Virginia, and one of these cases required a five-year court battle.

Aside from establishing the unique precedent of diagnosing disease by legislation, the black lung confrontation will have other far-reaching effects, both in the state and nationally. Most important, UMW officials will be forced to improve the humanitarian side of their activities. Is the UMW's Pension and Welfare Fund operated primarily for the good of the rank and file, or is it a slick, profit-making enterprise? The present dispute has again pushed that question into the national press, with some reporters puzzling over the fact that $67 million of the fund is kept in a non-interest account at a UMW-owned national bank in Washington. And why does the fund invest so heavily in the enemy camp—buying stock in utility companies and railroads and the like?

At the grass roots other criticisms are heard. Not long ago the Morgantown *Dominion-Post* noted editorially: "Not even the staunchest friend of the mine union can argue successfully that the UMW has an unblemished record in regard to the health needs of its members. In 1963 the UMW's Welfare and Pension Fund unceremoniously dumped the coal field hospital chain on which its miners depended for health care because the hospitals proved costly to operate. A few months earlier the Fund cancelled all welfare benefits of miners employed by operators who had failed to pay the union's 40 cents a ton royalty, thus punishing its own members rather than the offending operators."

It will doubtless be the unhappy fate of the fund that as these criticisms grow louder people will forget that, for all its present defects, the UMW changed the character of medical care throughout Appalachia. It used to be that miners going into a hospital had to take their own linens and had to depend on members of their family for nursing care at night, under conditions so horrible that no board-certified surgeon would think of stepping over the doorsill. The UMW hospitals changed the tone of an entire region. And if some miners were unfairly lopped off the medical program, the ones who remained shared the best group medical program in the country. But the UMW's health record has been riding on the fund's heroic beginnings for too long; now it will have to catch up or suffer in the headlines.

Profits and Politics

The UMW hierarchy may also be shaken out of the rut of pretending that the coal industry must be coddled through a treacherous economy. Fearing that the coal industry would collapse if the union didn't help it along, President John L. Lewis made a strangely close alliance with the owners in the early 1950s. It was an alliance that subsequently resulted in one conviction for illegal conspiracy to create a monopoly. Some officials of the UMW act as though the hard times of the 1950s are still with them and that industry still needs a helping hand. Nothing could be further from the truth. The electric utility industry, for example, depends on coal for half its energy, and predictions are that it will double its consumption every ten years. Eastern Gas & Fuel Associates, one of the larger coal producers, recently stated that "the industry has made a complete turn around in recent years and now looks forward to its greatest period of sustained growth in the next twenty years."

Some coal companies still pretend that if taxes are raised or if miners demand the installation of costly safety features, the industry will just have to close down or move its operations. So far this campaign has been successful in a poor state like West Virginia, where the industry enjoys a tax rate twice as low as tax experts say should be assessed. If the legislature forces safety standards, it may eventually work up the courage to force a tax increase.

Already the industry is hinting that one more strike for health may be the last straw. *The Wall Street Journal* of April 1 reported: "Some coal executives warn that further coalfield unrest could deal the heaviest blow to the coal industry since it lost the home heating market to oil. During the West Virginia strike, coal supplies fell to the danger point at several utilities, steel plants and other big users. With stockpiles severely depleted, and summer mine vacations coming, users aren't in a position to weather persistent coal strikes, coal executives say. One says more strikes could 'force utilities to consider alternative' fuels, such as atomic energy, natural gas or oil."

Except for the fact that the miners might take that yarn seriously and ease back, it's good for a laugh. In the first place, nearly all major power companies buy coal on long-term contracts, up to thirty-year contracts, and a strike or two isn't going to interrupt that program. Second, most of the big coal companies are either owned by big oil companies or are tied with them closely in interlocks; those smart oil operators aren't going to pull up stakes and waste their 3.2 trillion tons of extractable coal. The answer to these scare tactics was best expressed by a state Senator who asked, "Where else they going to mine West Virginia coal but in West Virginia?"

And the miners may even become politically conscious. Buff thinks they will. "I think there is going to be an entire change in the state. For the first time the ordinary coal miner is free. Now he knows what he can do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he joins with other miners. I think they'll hold together. Of course the politicians pray that they won't. The miners have vowed that twenty-nine of the thirty-four Senators won't come back. The House passed a satisfactory compensation bill and the Senate knifed it. The miners know who did it. They know every member who voted against it. Nowadays when they greet one another they'll say 'Senator so-and-so, he's not coming back.' That is a greeting, just as one says 'hello.' "

These signs of political life have made a number of the state's leaders more respectful. This includes Secretary of State John D. Rockefeller IV, the most promising politician in West Virginia. He's modest (despite the fact that he pays $23,000 out of his own pocket for a press aide) and smart and, until the black lung episode, he didn't have a smudge on his record. He has pushed election reforms, though not very radical ones, and he has shown what seemed to be a deep feeling for the plight of the hillbillies. But, like a lot of other politicians, he failed to interpret correctly what was happening in the ranks of coal miners. He attended some of their black lung meetings, but he really didn't think they meant what they said. So when the big push came, he was missing. If it is true, as one state Senator said, that "From now on the question will be, 'Where were you when the miners went out?' and anyone who doesn't have a good answer will be in trouble," then Rockefeller is in trouble, because he was home and he was silent.

However, it isn't likely that his popularity, which is impressive, has been permanently reduced. It only means that whereas before he had dodged the family stigma, now he must cope with it. To many residents of the state, he will always be thought of as a member of the family that holds a large share of Consolidation Coal Co., which owns the disaster mine at Farmington. Actually, the closest his family comes to owning that company is that the Rockefeller Foundation has about $20 million worth of stock in Continental Oil, which in turn controls Consolidation Coal. Those intricacies are hard to get across to the mass of men, who find it much easier to understand the insinuations of Buff: "Sometimes men are so rich they don't know what they own, and no matter how rich you are you never bite the hand that feeds you."

Already the miners are preparing more pressure and more demonstrations for the special session of the legislature in July. For one thing, some of them fear that the black lung legislation has too many loopholes or that it won't be administered honestly. Again, Buff is the spokesman for this point of view: "The law is window dressing. It is not even a halfway measure. Until you separate completely the domination of the coal operator over the state compensation commission you'll never get anything. The presumptive clause is a lot of words, and all it has done is create a lot of work for lawyers. We want the lawyers to get out of the compensation department. About 30 per cent of the money given out of the compensation department that's supposed to go to men, goes to lawyers."

So the fight goes on. As long as it does, there's hope for the miner; there's no hope if he sinks back into an apathetic acceptance of hard luck. Nonminers who wonder how so much conflict can be stirred up over merely some dust, may have a better idea from this description, by Dr. Kerr, of what dust means in a miner's life:

"At work you are covered with dust. It's in your hair, your clothes and your skin. The rims of your eyes are coated with it. It gets between your teeth and you swallow it. You suck so much of it into your lungs that until you die you never stop spitting up coal dust. Sometimes you cough so hard that you wonder if you have a lung left. Slowly you notice you are getting short of breath when you walk up a hill. Finally, just walking across the room at home is an effort."

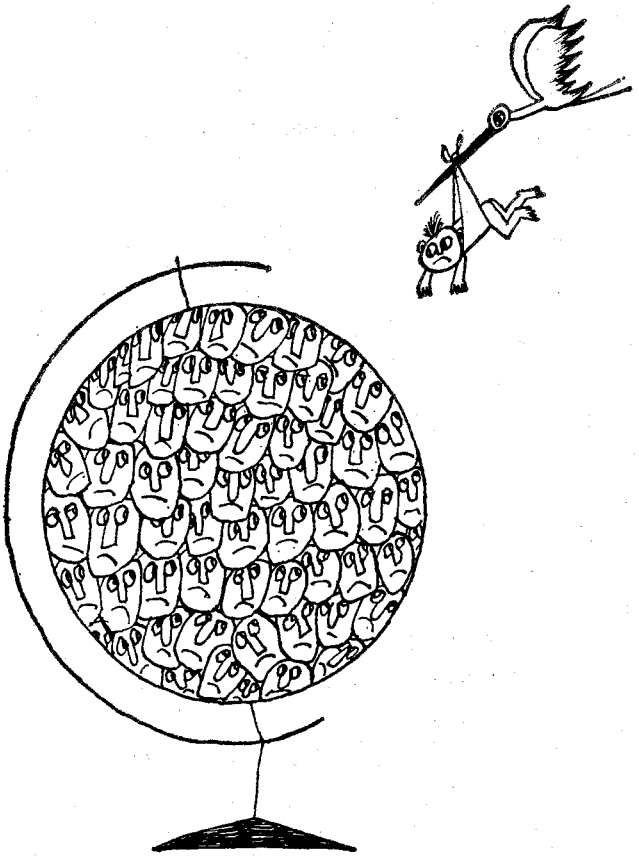
THE BLACKS CRY GENOCIDE

RALPH Z. HALLOW
Mr. Hallow is an editorial writer for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

Not long ago a family planning center in Cleveland was burned to the ground after militant Negroes had labeled its activities "black genocide." More recently, the anti-poverty board of Pittsburgh became the first in the nation to vote down OEO appropriations to continue Planned Parenthood clinics in six of the city's eight poverty neighborhoods. The move resulted from intense pressure and threats of violence by blacks—all males—who have kept the genocide issue boiling since one of the clinics was threatened with fire bombing last fall. Although a coalition of women, black and white, has succeeded in rescuing the program, national officers of Planned Parenthood-World Population fear the Pittsburgh example may encourage black opponents to lay siege to similar programs in other cities. Organized opposition can be found in cities from California to New York, and summer could bring the violence which militant critics of the clinics have threatened.

Although concerted opposition to the Planned Parenthood Association (PPA) programs in the ghettos has centered in Pittsburgh, the issue has been gaining national currency through articles published in *Muhammad Speaks,* the newspaper of the Black Muslims. The author of the articles is Dr. Charles Greenlee, a respected black physician in Pittsburgh who first raised the issue nearly two years ago. Dr. Greenlee contends that the birth control information and "propaganda" of federally financed family planning programs are carried into the homes of poor blacks by "home visitors" and public assistance workers, who allegedly coerce indigent black women into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Seles, Magyar Szo (Yugoslavia)

visiting the clinics. Greenlee says, and welfare officials deny, that the intimidation takes the form of implicit or explicit threats that welfare payments will be cut off if the recipient has more children. Thus it is argued, the free clinics constitute "genocide," a conscious conspiracy by whites to effect a kind of Hitlerian solution to the "black problem" in the United States.

Dr. Greenlee's formula for leading his people out of white America's cul-de-sac is: black babies equal black votes equal Black Power. Recognizing this logic, he said recently on a local television panel discussion, the white power structure is using the neighborhood clinics to "decimate the black population in America within a generation." The Planned Parenthood national office sent a black representative to sit on the panel. The two top white executives of PPA in Pittsburgh decided their presence on the panel would only lend credence to Dr. Greenlee's charges. But, they point out, the neighborhood community action committees have representatives, including blacks, on the local PPA board.

Also arguing PPA's side of the question was Mrs. Frankie Pace, a resident of the city's largest black ghetto, the Hill District, where most of the "action" occurred during the civil disorders last April. Mrs. Pace believes that most black women in poor neighborhoods not only want the clinics but also desperately need such help because they are often ignorant of scientific methods of birth control. (Health department and welfare workers in nearly every U.S. city report that they still occasionally encounter indigent women who believe that urinating after intercourse prevents conception.)

The television panel illustrated the new alliances that have grown up over the "black genocide" issue. Seated next to Dr. Greenlee was Msgr. Charles Owen Rice, who for more than thirty years has enjoyed the reputation of being the liberal's liberal. Always a champion of the cause of labor and more recently of peace and an end to the war in Vietnam, he has nevertheless enunciated a position on birth control that is closer to that of the Vatican than to the more liberal one held by a significant number of priests and lay Catholics in America. He said during the panel discussion that the term "black genocide" is not too strong; for, he observed, it is "passing strange" that no clinics exist in the city's two mostly white poverty neighborhoods. Local PPA officials point out, however, that the predominantly Catholic populations in those neighborhoods have rejected the establishment of clinics in their communities.

PPA supporters also suggest it was no accident that William "Bouie" Haden was the only black leader to whom the Catholic diocese of Pittsburgh recently gave a $10,000 annual grant—to help run the United Movement for Progress, Haden's black self-help group. Haden, a fiery though not so young militant, was quick to pick up Dr. Greenlee's charges of "black genocide" and to force the temporary closing last summer of one of the clinics on his "turf," the city's Homewood-Brushton district. Although about seventy irate black women forced Haden to back off from the issue for a time, in early February he led the forces which, through skillful parliamentary maneuvering, got a divided and confused anti-poverty board to vote down an appropriation to continue the clinics. Although Haden's enemies flaunt his long criminal record, most observers recognize him as a sincere and effective leader who did much to keep Homewood-Brushton cool during the disorders last April.

In spite of his leadership abilities, Haden has only piecemeal support for his "black genocide" charges. Family planning supporters point out that it was the black women in the poverty neighborhoods who demanded that PPA set up a network of neighborhood clinics under the hegemony of the city's anti-poverty board. The women claimed that the PPA center in the downtown area was inaccessible to the indigent whose welfare allowances made no provision for baby-sitting fees and bus fares.

To complicate the issue still further, supporters of family planning programs in the ghettos include such eminent black men of the Left as Bayard Rustin and Dr. Nathan Wright, Jr., who was chairman of the Black Power conference. Writing on "Sexual Liberation" in the Newark *Star-Ledger*, Dr. Wright said the poor—both black and white—are discriminated against sexually and should seek the help of Planned Parenthood.

The term "family planning" is slightly euphemistic; except in the states where it is prohibited, birth control counseling is offered even to unmarried girls under 18, provided there is parental consent and usually if the girl has had one child. Women in the 15-to-19-year age group account for the highest percentage of illegitimate births (40.2 per cent for whites and 41.9 for blacks), according to U.S. Public Health Service figures for 1964.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here again, defenders of birth control argue that the clinics help to alleviate one of the grossest hypocrisies practiced by our male-dominated legislatures. Lawmakers, they say, hand down so-called moral standards for American women in defiance of the sexual practices actually prevailing in the society. If young women from enlightened middle-class families are still undergoing unwanted pregnancies and are forced to seek expensive or dangerous abortions, how much worse must it be for the teen-age daughters of the indigent?

Everywhere the statistics are on the side of family planning—at least for those who view them in unideological terms. In New Orleans, for example, where the largest family planning program in the United States has been operating, an indigent female population of 26 per cent accounted for 56 per cent of all births, 88 per cent of illegitimate births and 72 per cent of stillbirths. Nationally, the infant mortality rate of blacks is twice that of whites. The United States ranks fifteenth in the world in infant mortality, and there is a surfeit of evidence relating the problem directly to poverty. A study by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare found that the most effective way to reduce infant mortality is to offer family planning. Finally, of the 5.3 million indigent women in the United States, only 850,000 receive family planning services, and only 30 per cent of those who do are nonwhite.

All this, however, means nothing to the black militant and his white allies who believe that Black Power and "poor" power (and the consequent redistribution of wealth they would bring) are threatened by free family planning clinics whose representatives actively seek out black women. Caught in the middle is the indigent American woman who wishes to have the same freedom to choose sex without conception that her middle-class counterpart enjoys.

REBELLION AS EDUCATION

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer, professor of English at San Diego State College, is the author of The Literary Rebel *(Southern Illinois University Press), and of books on D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller and Herman Melville.*

We need not be at one with current campus rebels to give them sympathy and support. Granted, their rhetoric often comes out raspy, their tactics Pyrrhic and their programs simplex. All decent citizens decry the rebel's arrogant dogmatism, even when it matches official obtuseness; all deplore calling policemen "pigs," even if they do behave bestially; and all disapprove of erratic violence, even if provoked by systematic force. At worst, we may be evoking the style of revolt that we as a society deserve. History can judge the quality of a civilization by its rebels as well as by its official heroes, and that may shame us. Though good Americans all, our rebels might, and perhaps will, learn to do better if they continue their education in rebellion.

Among their present limitations one must include the current curriculum of insurrection, which is not altogether of their choosing. They seem to be as much chosen by, victimized by, as choosers of such basic issues as subordination to the military-industrial order, the structural exclusion of minorities, and the fatuous ideologies of autocratic elites. These academic side-washes of a competitively bureaucratic, militarily aggressive and smugly unjust society rarely appear evident to those who never touch them. One must, as do our militant students, wade into attempts at change, or get splashed with typical American righteousness, to realize how rough and bitter can be our social and political waters.

But, goes the stock "liberal" retort, why should the campuses of higher education be the scenes for these rough confrontations? Why don't the deprived blacks assault the business and union leaders instead of the academic administrators; why don't the draftable young men fight the government instead of the campus police, or the leftist students attack the corporate offices instead of the university halls? Probably they would if they could. But because academic institutions half fraudulently claim to be sanctuaries from the worst aspects of this society, they become especially and justifiably vulnerable. Throughout history, revolutions have occurred more often among the half-free than among the fully oppressed. The minorities in our universities, including the few from the underclasses, the dissident middle-class students and the radical-intellectual teachers, are sufficiently well placed to revolt, though certainly not to carry out revolutionary action in the society at large. If much of this insurgency could move from the campuses and ghettos to the headquarters of power and the suburban shopping centers, this would already be a quite different society. We must understand, and critically support, dissent and protest and rebellion where we find them.

At this moment, they rightly arise in and against academic society. Ambitious efforts at higher education long ago claimed to go beyond antiquarianism and specialism to social pertinence. Now at last, in insurgency and disruption, the academies do become relevant. Student revolt as education may be epitomized in the remark of a young lady on an urban university campus: "I learned and felt more about American society in the few days of the student strike than in four years of taking courses." In our higher education it is an achievement to fuse, even briefly, social role and individual intelligence and feeling. Such responsive experience, rather than the sometimes *outré* styles and superrevolutionary mannerisms, should be the abrasive to bring out the grain of our responses. It takes rebellion, if not some official beatings, to learn many of the realities of our social order and civilization.

In and of itself, today's higher education demands its troubles and deserves its disruptions—most of which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can only improve it. But even the rebellious only reluctantly learn this lesson. They, too, are compulsively entrapped in the American religiosity about education. When I taught in, and attended meetings with, the student administrators of a "free university," or listened to an SDS chapter I was advising on "university reform" (now Maoistically out of fashion), or joined debates in and on the "New Student Left," or discussed polemical targets with the editors of an "underground" newspaper, or sat through interminable quasi-therapeutic sessions of a "Student-Faculty Committee for Change," or chaired protest rallies, I often cringed at what most of the rebels thought was relevant and tough criticism of the Hired Learning. Classroom habit tempted me to rush to a blackboard and list satiric novels about academic absurdity for them to read, or to quote the lovely aphorisms, from Diogenes through Veblen to Goodman, of biting contempt for official education, or to start telling personal anecdotes of the pathology of half a dozen universities. Only as the rebels literally dramatize their yearnings for more authentic education do they discover the dishonesty and intransigence of the authorities, the selfishness and cowardice of much of the faculty, and the arbitrariness and falsity of much of academic life.

Many of the rebellious poignantly suffer shock from the lack of humane sympathy for their efforts and the righteous refusal of demands for adequate changes. Hence the increasingly disenchanted and belligerent styles of campus insurrection. Their liberal professors, the students discover, all too often provide melancholy confirmation of the usual truths about sophists, mandarins, clerics, technologues and other orthodox rationalizers. Baroque professorial ways hardly obscure the primary drive of the hirelings to self-perpetuation and self-justification. In answer to student complaints about the usual mediocre teaching and mendacious programs, my colleagues fall back on one or another appeal to "our scientific and humanistic traditions." It is disingenuous and comic, for tradition in America is like instant beverage: the bland result of a little synthetic dust and a lot of hot water. Academicians sound more sincere, I suppose, when they speak of defending from disruption universities as sanctuaries for the pursuit of truth and art and dissent in a hostile and corrupting society. Logically enough, rebellious students begin to wonder why they and their suppporters can't get amnesty, much less sanctuary, when the crunch comes. Rather more than the mainline faculties, the dissidents want to create autonomous places of order and joy within America's repressive fragmentation.

The aggrandizing of institutions of higher education within the past generation obscures for the rebels what restrictive places universities have been and continue to be. The real academic tradition is that of keeping out, or only tolerating, not only the poets and saints but most of the original and critical minds. Most significant intellectual and moral work remains peripheral to formalized education or in subversion of its orderings. Though academics claim large roles for their disciplines, they tend to operate as technicians of them, and even more so these days in a society that glorifies technique. To be concerned about authentic intellectual experience still, as always, includes assaulting traditional learned disciplines, accepted and honored views and official higher education.

The odds oppose most of the academic caste doing this barnyard labor. While professors currently confuse their trade with civilization itself, most vocally in the humanities, their narrow and fearful tones belie such pretensions. There is nothing mysterious about it. Academicians are the victims of one of the most elaborate processes for inculcating subservient responses: it takes about thirty years of formalized indenture, from nursery school through assistant professorship, to become a full member. Especially these days, selection is mostly by institutional conformity rather than by any autonomous achievement.

No wonder universities suffer from ornate law-and-order arbitrariness and that so many of their members feel threatened by any criticism and disruption. Next thing you know, someone will question academic hierarchy. Are most full professors (I am one) 100 to 500 per cent more competent and harder working than assistant professors? A joke! The percentages, except for salaries and similar prerogatives, usually run the other way. However, the spread in salaries has for some years been growing even faster than the excessive general increases in academic compensation. With justice, younger faculty tend resentfully to support rebellious students. And with good reason, much of the public suspects all of us of crass self-interest. The step-by-crawling fraudulence of licking and booting one's way up the crypto-military ranks—and up the crypto-theocratic path from the provincial animal farms to the "big twenty" zoos—takes a considerable human toll. Internal exploitation creates the proper atmosphere for internal rebellion.

From their captive clientele (students) through their indentured servants (teaching assistants) into their arbitrary hierarchy (professional as well as institutional) to their dubious packaging ("sciences" and "liberal" education), the universities illustrate, as much of American advertising and foreign policy illustrate, grievous mislabeling of an ideology of competitive aggrandizement. As might therefore be expected, academic hiring exhibits all the ethical delicacy of, say, real estate brokerage. Sycophantic salesmanship controls not only the acquiring of prestigious jobs, awards and publications but reaches right down to the often miserable junior colleges and their petty prerogatives. In the current expansion of higher education, the traditional elitist and paternal (master-protégé) placement system becomes a manipulation of "connections" and "professional" images. The appropriate morals and manners for all this racketeering help determine what happens in the classrooms—and, now, on the steps of the embattled administration buildings.

Behind the rhetoric of student rebels lies the awareness that when one speaks of a "power elite" or an "authoritarian bureaucracy" or "corporate liberalism," or more generally of competitive and exploitative and unjust order, one is not referring to something "out there" but to conditions right on campus. Even when the militant focus seems mainly political, as with "student power" struggles against "militarism" and "racism," it is also a protest against faculty subservience to such order. Because of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barnell

decades of institutional indoctrination and corrupt recruitment and hierarchy and production, we hardly notice the lack of an autonomous community of scholars until the students rebel in its name. They teach us what we should be teaching them.

Most of us serve large, mediocre undergraduate state institutions. (Perhaps the problems presented by the "very best" colleges and universities would require a different emphasis but, having taught in several which claim such distinction, I doubt it.) In social function, these educational bureaucracies serve to indoctrinate what used to be called the lower-middle class, now relatively affluent, in the techniques and attitudes necessary for submissive service in the middle ranges of corporate and public bureaucracies. Split between the purposes and functions of the institutions and our claims to separate moral and intellectual values, we end nastily ambivalent. Only thus can one explain some of the weird and even hysterical faculty responses to rebellious demands for clear moral choices. It is hard altogether to blame dedicated little scholars, after years of institutional processing, for themselves becoming bureaucratic devices. At our best, I suppose, many of us secretly believe that we can provide some counter-education, some involvement, for example, in literature and thought, which will work against the restricted indoctrination which the students and schools officially pursue. We fall back on such wheezing rationalizations of our roles as staying neutrally "Socratic," i.e., playing question games as a substitute for a sustained view (and as a device to avoid class preparation). But methodological excuses only midwife the rebelliousness which justly threatens to put us down and out.

For most students these days, interesting educational experience comes in inverse proportion to what passes for a "professional" or scholarly (usually meaning a technical) emphasis. But, some of my colleagues will reply, that is because the students came to college for the wrong reasons. A better case might be made that their professors, employed in one of the more lavish industries, stay in universities for the wrong reasons. Students, of course, are drawn to campuses by all sorts of motives: to remain adolescent a while longer, to look for sex, to acquire a trade the slow way, to avoid the draft, to gain social status, to play games, to join the rebellious communities, or just because they have been drilled to believe they ought to be there. Probably many students should not at their age be involved in higher education, at least in the traditional scholarly and intellectual senses. A later time of life would be much better.

The resentment of many young students, who endure years of inappropriate academicism warps the universities into doing all sorts of anti-scholarly things and the students into rebellions which reveal an unpleasant anti-intellectual element. Those colleagues who piously assume that years of submission to bureaucratic education produces socially liberal and psychologically liberating benefits reveal themselves as quacks of educationism. College may well be a net loss for many, including some who don't disgustedly drop out or arbitrarily get pushed out. Students who don't develop some resistance and some confidence in their dissatisfaction, who don't autonomously turn hip or radical, must find the processing an anxiously competitive and morally degrading effort to become less truly responsive and integral human beings. Professorial self-interest has been used to deny these students both candor and compassion.

The colleges serve partly as custodial institutions for many who lack adequate place and role in an amorphously restrictive society. Periodically, those treated as inmates do naturally rebel. Professors are well paid for their institutionalization; students are not (though they should be) and therefore feel freer to express their discontent than do the custodians. As one finds in reading most of the apologies for higher education, the basic ideology glorifies the custodial separation of knowing and doing, of culture and living. Campus rebellions, no matter what the immediate generous "cause," must be partly understood as defiance of that moral schizophrenia, which the students vehemently attempt to bridge by moral activism and lashing out against custodial treatment.

Whatever many of my colleagues might claim in scholarly allegiances, their devotion to busy work, to arbitrary requirements, to competitive procedures, to specialist propaganda, to punitive grading and to professional-class decorum reveals them as primarily keepers. The horrendous processing—requirements, courses, tests, majors, minors, patterns, units, grades, averages, honors, etc.—is even more stupid than vicious. Even at its best it rests on the fallacy that repetitive accumulation is learning. Students, unless they take to conning the mech-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anism as most of their professors did, can Schweikishly soldier or collectively disrupt. The white students' current enthusiastic support for the black students' autonomous control of ethnic studies programs goes beyond racist guilt and political principle to tell us something of their own longings. That rebellious students also display notable disrepect for our "scholarly" justifications means that they see them, too, as just more of the processing. Rightly enough.

In my own field of "literary scholar-criticism," in which I'm sufficiently published to confess rather than complain sourly, most of the production is hobbyism: the overelaborate doctoring of texts, the compulsive collection of historical trivia, and the willful interpretation of interpretations. I don't mean to attack this hobbyism as such, for it is a pleasant pastime which merits gracious support; but it should not be confused with the need for responsive teaching and critical intelligence. Turned into professionalist ideology and institutional aggrandizement, however, scholarship provides trivial and inhumane molds for much of teaching and thinking, and deserves to be broken. Nor am I arguing for the reduction of faculties to mere pedagogues and intellectual scoutmasters, which often seems to be the position of the "anti-publication" faction in academic departments. (In some institutions these people protectively align themselves with the milder student rebels.) Actively cultivated and contentious people—those with something to say—should be recognized as a good in themselves. Given the lack of other harboring institutions in this society, they should be a major part of higher education, rather more so than the sinecured scholar-researchers and the bureaucratic technicians. Sartre once commented that to be a teacher was to be an intellectual monk. I don't care for the desexed metaphor but the quality of intellectual commitment may be hard to describe in a post-religious way. Certainly it provides a proper contrast to our hired education, in which business and bureaucratic production, if not racketeering, replace true vocation. A seasoning of critical intellectuals among teacher-students and student-teachers suggests the best possibilities for a community of learning and change.

Otherwise we can expect rebellions to increase against faculties as well as officials. In past years, campus revolt aimed mostly at the administrators, especially when they asserted parental and police powers. The superjanitors who now administer most academic institutions often deserve and incite rebellions. On good Jeffersonian principles, one can agree that there should be student disruptions of power every generation (academically, every four or five years). However, the old rebellions simply wanted to dethrone the administrations and then carry on much as before, like the liberal theologians who admit that God is dead but want to keep the old show going. Those rebellions of the middle sixties brought some changes, which now look extreme only in their moderation. But other failures appeared. The changes didn't develop community and autonomy in education, partly because it wasn't really allowed and partly because American capacities for full participation have been deeply eroded, not least by years of phony play-yard democracy in schools and other institutions. Fighting the administration does not create sufficient conditions for change, both because the universities are subordinate to the state and because the faculties are loaded with mediocre bureaucrats. The demands then enlarge. The style of rebellion exacerbates until it fractions the faculty and incites government and public. The education in rebellion has now reached the intermediate level at which both new styles of insurgency and increased repression may be expected. An end to it would require major internal changes in universities as well as a move to other arenas for the drastic contentions all too necessary in this society.

As the student *enragés* keep trying to tell us, intellectual commitment can no longer be kept separate from moral passion. Modern academic humanism long ago settled, though not very successfully it becomes evident, for freedom from interference rather than freedom for innovation. We regular academicians may be justly accused of denaturing the professor, who no longer professes anything but a supposedly neutral methodology and submissive ideology for technicians. That may no longer get by. Students should rebel against us as well as against the administrators and the power forces in the larger society. Almost any critical éclat in the academy becomes self-justifying as a means to break the narcissistic routines and institutional denaturing. It may well be true that nothing less than disruption, however messy, will bring most of us to the perplexity and passion of a larger reality.

Can the universities bear the disruption? More grandiloquently, can our liberal humanism endure such uncouth assaults? If the institutions are so brittle, and our culture so anemic, that they can maintain themselves only by huddling in fearful unchange behind massed troopers, then there is little to be lost and, as the militants chant, "Shut it down!"

No historical evidence suggests that a culture dominated by bureaucratized intellectuals retains much vitality in the long run. We dissident professors, also quite likely warped by decades of institutionalization and excessive engagement to official culture, must make conscious efforts to support the rebellions. That does not mean forgoing criticism: black demands sometimes contain a second-rate nationalism and chauvinism; New Leftism, especially some current trends in SDS, desperately moves into a doctrinaire abstraction of reality and a destructive super-militancy; such socio-cultural rebellions as hippiedom, though delightfully realizing in a dreary academic context what Fourier called the "butterfly instinct," contains a mindless mystagogy and cultism. Discrimination is our obligation, but it should be part of a continuing radical critique to achieve the disequilibrium that allows rebellion

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to surface and change to come about. Academic resistance may, and must at times, take forms other than overt rebellion. However, professors cannot claim privileged sanctuary from the essential struggles of the society of which they are all too obviously an exploitative part and dishonest parcel. Only when we resist do we truly teach, turning topsy-turvy accepted values and transforming ways of life. We cannot do this by playing professional hacks and academic custodians. Nor do we really profess any humanism or science by mainly channeling students into more bureaucratic education and corporate elites and the nondimensional sensibility of the hired learning for a counterfeit society. The most distasteful deceit of professors these days comes out in those who demand intellectual and social and political change, but always somewhere else. The overwhelming majority of liberal-radical academicians, and not least the Neo-Marxists, have come out against rebellions on campus. It is sheer hypocrisy. The current rebellions should educate us, not just the students, into seeing education as rebellion.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 522)

he finds ABM city defense unworkable and illogical and has opted for deployment at ICBM sites. (That the new "hard-point" defense is equally illogical and extremely dangerous is another point.)

Mr. Haaland's Moscow fantasy is a classic illustration of the maddening and perversely incomplete analyses that have been put forward by shelter enthusiasts since 1961. The shelters he describes would be incredibly costly (6 to 8 million people to be housed underground behind thick steel and concrete and to be fed and otherwise maintained for two weeks!). Even if these shelters could be built, how could the population of Moscow be moved into them in the twenty minutes between radar location of attacking ICBMs and their detonation? And if three such missiles would be enough to destroy all of Moscow (including, one assumes, all available transport vehicles in that city and on its waterways) how could the sheltered emerge and travel through the delightfully light radioactivity to a benign and welcoming countryside?

Incidentally, one wonders whether the news has reached Oak Ridge that nuclear explosions (including air bursts) have *thermal* effects. Mr. Haaland mentions only "shock and blast," but the fire storms that would be generated by the sort of assault he assumes would guarantee the total destruction not only of everything above the ground but of much below it.

As I suggested in my article, what is most perverse about the kind of thinking about the unthinkable done by Defense scientists and strategists is their blindness to elementary "second-order effects." In the present instance, and whether thinking about Moscow or New York after a thermonuclear assault, it is obvious that the sheltered survivors, if there were any sizable number of them, would soon be killing one another in the competition for very limited, and largely poisoned, above-ground food stores and in the competition for egress from a totally destroyed city piled high with festering corpses and rank with pestilence. . . .

In all, I can only feel grateful to Mr. Haaland for an unexpected boon. When I wrote of the intellectual dereliction of what passes for strategic analysis within our arms establishment, I hardly dared hope that a made-to-order illustration of my point would be so generously offered up for these pages. *Milton J. Rosenberg*

peace no panacea

Longview, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: Your Mar. 24 editorial, "The Key Issue," was excellent. A reassessment of national and individual goals and priorities is certainly overdue. But as a member of the Socialist Labor Party I contend that it is an oversimplification to think that great results will follow from an assault on the military-industrial complex. . . .

Curtailment or even termination of the war offers no guarantee that the savings would be diverted to useful and peaceful pursuits. The military might assume, with an unfortunate amount of logic and history to back their assumption, that peace is merely an appropriate interlude for increasing arms spending for the next war.

Much of the trouble that afflicts this non-egalitarian country today . . . [is] directly traceable to the profit motive which is inherent in the outmoded capitalist system. Therefore, the SLP argument is for the replacement of capitalism by Marxian socialism. Our argument is against such diversionary procedures as trying to pull the feathers out of the military-industrial complex. *Henry R. Korman*

sordid ordeal

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: As one who has lived in and studied Haiti, may I congratulate you on Raymond Alcide Joseph's lucid, well-written and highly informative article, "Haiti: Ripe for the Marines?" [Mar. 31]. I doubt that any better piece on Haiti's ordeal under the sordid dictatorship of François Duvalier has appeared within the past four years.

As long as our government, however unobtrusively, continues its support of the Duvalier regime, we can expect a commensurate and ever increasing reaction of anti-Americanism from the Haitians who will count in the future.

The Haitian Coalition, and Mr. Joseph in particular, are doing this country and Haiti a service in keeping Duvalier's malefactions advertised and, more important, in holding out a progressive, centrist, non-Communist alternative alive for Haiti after nemesis finally catches up with Papa Doc. *R. D. Heinl, Jr.*

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Huling, who was well known over a period of many years to readers, contributors and staff members of *The New Republic* and *The Nation*, died, after a long illness, on March 2, 1969.

Since no surviving members of her family were able to be here at the time of her death, friends made the necessary arrangements for her cremation and interment in the Huling family plot at Old Bennington, Vt., as directed by her in her last will and testament.

Most of her friends know of Betty's devotion to the island of Martha's Vineyard, where for many summers she passed perhaps the happiest times of her life. It is therefore proposed by the undersigned that there be created an Elizabeth Huling Fund in favor of Martha's Vineyard Hospital as a part of the already established Mayhew-Nevin Fund, which will go toward the endowment of a free bed for one year for indigent patients of the hospital. Checks or money orders should be made payable to the Elizabeth Huling Fund—Mayhew-Nevin Fund, and mailed to Martha's Vineyard Hospital, Oak Bluffs, Mass.

John Gude — *Peter S. McGhee*
Robert Hatch — *Carey McWilliams*
Quincy Howe — *Thomas Whiteside*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

William Blake and Nonviolence

JOHN SUTHERLAND
Mr. Sutherland teaches English at Colby College. He is the author of Mr. Spectator's London *(D. C. Heath).*

The poet William Blake wrestled all his life with a very modern dilemma: how to be true to both revolutionary and nonviolent ideals. He sympathized deeply with American and French revolutionaries, feared that their ideals would be subverted and betrayed by their violence, and lived to see his fears realized.

Many of Blake's words still speak directly to a modern world which seems to be caught in a series of vicious cycles of revolution and repression. I listened a year or two ago to what then seemed a surprising number of idealistic college students who spoke their minds at a panel discussion on Vietnam. Their innocent good will, and their incredulity at the limited vision of the militarists, made them sound almost as if they had come in response to Blake's appeal in his "Preface" to *Milton*: "Rouze up, O Young Men of the New Age! set your foreheads against the ignorant Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court & the University who would, if they could, for ever depress Mental & prolong Corporeal War. . . . believe Christ & his Apostles that there is a Class of Men whose whole delight is in Destroying. . . ." (It is ironic, yet indicative of the problem posed by the apparent inadequacy of nonviolent techniques, that some of these same students now admire as a romantic ideal the militant image of Che Guevara.)

Consider the extent to which the present situation of the United States is similar to the situation of England at the time of the American and French Revolutions. Our society is said to be dominated by members of an "establishment," many of whom, like Whig oligarchs, made their fortunes either from the vast trading companies of our commercial empire, or from a domestic economy dependably supported and subsidized by military contracts and foreign concessions. The powers of our President seem in many ways close to those of an 18th-century limited monarch like George III. England at the close of the 18th century was struggling to contain by force of arms dangerous "democratical" and "Jacobin" ideas; the United States is now struggling to contain dangerous "socialistic" and "Communist" ideas. The Communists, like the Jacobins, have adopted in many instances such violent means that they may have entirely betrayed their purportedly idealistic ends. American generals' use of conventional "big-war" tactics against the guerrilla opposition is uncomfortably reminiscent of the English redcoat generals' efforts to make formal European battlefield tactics work against American guerrillas. And so forth.

To the fearful, selfish ego—which Blake called the "spectre" in man—all revolutionary energy looks dangerous, and all liberal, humanistic hopes for peace seem mere cowardly delusions. Thus President Johnson and his advisers—ruled by their "spectres"—looked cynically and fearfully at revolution and threats of revolution in the Dominican Republic, Vietnam and elsewhere. Simultaneously, revolutionaries—ruled by their own "spectres"—feared that it would be sentimental foolishness to appeal nonviolently to their brothers, their oppressors. Both groups may have been right—and may still be right. Yet, in a stanza probably written a little after the turn of the 19th century, Blake had the courage to affirm:

Each man is in his Spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And cast his own Spectre into the Lake.

Throughout his adult life, Blake was suspicious of the efficacy of violence in revolutionary situations. He composed the ballad "Gwin, King of Norway" early in his career (probably in 1778—it was printed in 1783). The poem tells how a tyrant king, Gwin, is defeated in battle by the giant Gordred—the latter a symbolic figure of wrath roused from his slumbers by the cries and protests of the exploited common people:

"The land is desolate; our wives
"And children cry for bread;
"Arise, and pull the tyrant down!
"Let Gwin be humbled!"

In subsequent stanzas, great numbers of people are described as flocking to fight under the banner of Gordred. Others rally to Gwin's banner. The tone throughout is one of compassion for the people caught up and possessed by forces beyond their control. The poet-prophet sees no heroism on either side, only limitless suffering:

Earth smokes with blood, and groans,
and shakes
To drink her children's gore,
A sea of blood; nor can the eye
See to the trembling shore!

Although the revolution is successful, and the tyrant overthrown, the ballad concludes with an image of flood, suggesting catastrophe, perhaps punishment—not triumph:

The river Dorman roll'd their blood
Into the northern sea,
Who mourn'd his sons, and overwhelm'd
The pleasant south country.

Blake's first reaction to the French Revolution was enthusiastically hopeful. In "A Song of Liberty" he wrote: "Shadows of Prophesy shiver along by the lakes and rivers, and mutter across the ocean: France, rend down thy dungeon!" In grimly amusing verses committed to the privacy of his notebook because of the fear of prosecution, he dramatized the hypocrisy of priest and king, and the cruelty of their god.

The he [the king] swore a great and
solemn oath
"To kill the people I am loth
"But if they rebel, they must go to hell:
"They shall have a Priest & a passing
bell."

Then old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & belched & cough'd,
And said, "I love hanging & drawing &
quartering
"Every bit as well as War &
slaughtering.
"Damn praying & singing,
"Unless they bring in
"The blood of ten thousand by fighting
or swinging."

At this time Blake seemed to attribute all lust for violence to the counter-revolutionaries, and to feel scornful of would-be moderates like Lafayette:

Fayette beheld the King & Queen
In tears & iron bound;
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear,
And guarded them around.

Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought & sold,
And sold is thy happy morrow;
Thou gavest the tears of Pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow.

Blake's attitude here is at least consistent. To pity kings (or *generalissimos* or shahs) more than their victims is indeed likely to lead to the selling out of opportunities to build that "great society" or "happy morrow" for which Lafayette and other liberals have struggled more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or less sincerely. Nonetheless, kings, et al., are human, and doubtless deserve pity. And Blake was soon to find that he had much to reconsider as the revolution itself became more and more ruthless.

A later poem, one version of which is entitled "The Grey Monk," seems in part to be a reworking of "Gwin, King of Norway." The "grey monk" speaks for Blake, and (as David Erdman has demonstrated in *Blake: Prophet Against Empire*) the monk's plight allegorically represents Blake's fears after he was indicted for allegedly uttering treasonous sentiments. The stanzas which follow are from an expanded version in Blake's notebook:

"Seditious Monk," said Charlemaine,
"The Glory of War thou condemnst in vain
"And in thy Cell thou shalt ever dwell.
"Rise, War, & bind him in his Cell!"

Although Blake escaped conviction and literal imprisonment, Pitt's crusade against revolutionary France confined him to a larger cell. Subject to a warfare state, he could not travel abroad—as he greatly wished—to see the art treasures of Paris; and he was impoverished and alienated at home. Yet imperial England forced many of its superfluous subjects into far greater poverty and alienation than that of a marginally employed engraver and artist. Blake (or the grey monk) was tortured by the sounds of human suffering in the streets of London:

"My brother starv'd between two walls,
"His children's cry my soul appalls;
"But I mock'd at the wrack & griding chain,
"My bent body mocks at their torturing pain."

The relationship between this poem and "Gwin, King of Norway" becomes apparent as the grey monk goes on to explore the self-defeating nature of revolutionary violence:

"Thy father drew his sword in the north,
"With his thousands strong he is marched forth,
"Thy brother has armed himself in steel
"To revenge the wrongs thy Children feel."

"But vain the sword & vain the bow,
"They never can work war's overthrow,
"The Hermit's prayer & widow's tear
"Alone can free the world from fear."

"The hand of vengeance sought the bed
"To which the purple tyrant fled;
"The iron hand crush'd the tyrant's head
"And became a tyrant in his stead."

In "Gwin, King of Norway," Gordred attempted to save the people from tyranny; in fact he led them to a meaningless, self-defeating blood bath. In "The Grey Monk" the cycle of revolution and reaction is completed, as the champion of the people is seen to be corrupted by the ruthless methods of war which brought him to power.

But since we have not yet, as a nation, abandoned belief that the vigorous use of "sword" and "bow" may provide a path to lasting peace, Blake's contention that only selfless love and pity can provide such a path may seem sentimental and unrealistic. Yet the "Hermit's prayer" and "widow's tear" *are* selfless, because both hermits and widows have (at least as symbols) abandoned all personal desires. Thus their prayers and tears are not only not weapons—they are not even techniques of aggressive nonviolence.

Next, the grey monk makes what seems to me a key suggestion in terms of our present predicament in Southeast Asia, and elsewhere:

"Unless the Tyrant himself relent,
"The Tyrant who first the black bow bent,
"Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain:
"Resistance & war is the Tyrant's gain."

The "black bow" is the weapon of "old Nobodaddy up aloft"—the conventional god of church and state; it is the musket carried by redcoat troops against American colonists; it is tanks in Budapest and Prague; it is helicopters and napalm in Vietnam. Blake's point is obvious, but deserves emphasis: we cannot expect the victims of imperialism to be the first to draw back from combat.

In subsequent stanzas, the grey monk discusses the possibilities of love and pity:

"But the Tear of Love & forgiveness sweet
"And submission to death beneath his feet,
"The tear shall melt the sword of steel,
"And every wound it has made shall heal."

"For the tear is an intellectual thing,
"And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
"And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe
"Is an arrow from the Almightie's bow."

By the time he composed this poem (a few years after the turn of the century) Blake had lost most of his earlier high hopes for the French Revolution. He still wished to remain loyal to his revolutionary principles, yet he had come to believe that the Revolution had been betrayed by violent ideas as well as by violent deeds. In particular, he believed that those same *philosophes* and deists whose writings had helped bring on the struggle (and for whose work he had such instinctive sympathy) were at fault for trying to usher in an age of potential brotherhood by means of arguments conducive to violence and hatred, not love:

The wheel of Voltaire whirl'd on high.
Gibbon aloud his lash does ply
Charlemaine & his clouds of War
Muster around the Polar Star.

A Grecian Scoff is a wracking wheel
The Roman pride is a sword of steel
Glory & Victory a Phallic Whip. . . .

Our present situation is at least partially parallel to that described in these lines. Some militant "liberals" are still in league with the modern Charlemagnes of the Pentagon. Others, disillusioned by the apparent failure of peaceful protest to significantly mitigate the plight of the Negro ghettos or end the war in Vietnam, seem to suggest that the only alternative to resistance is despair.

The word "Phallic" in the last line quoted above was first transcribed from Blake's notebook by David Erdman. His comment (in *Prophet Against Empire*) is illuminating: "From his earliest interest in kings as accusers of adultery Blake looked upon psychology as a phase of politics and upon politics as an acting-out of mental strife. He saw revolution freeing infinite desire. He saw the code of War & Lust perverting the phallus into a 'whip' of separation. . . ." Nowadays we have caught up with Blake on one point: we are accustomed to see-

Our neurotic "anti-Communism complex" gets a penetrating analysis in this "hard-hitting report [which] traces the history and growth of anti-Russian and anti-Chinese policies...and suggests more intelligent alternative actions for the future."*

Anatomy of Anti-Communism

A Report Prepared for the Peace Education Division of the American Friends Service Committee
$4.50; paper, $1.50
HILL & WANG
72 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011
*Publishers' Weekly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing phallic symbolism in the weapons of war. It is interesting to reflect that some of the weapons of intellectual warfare may also represent a perversion of "phallic" energy.

Blake surely preferred "Mental" to "Corporeal War"; indeed, he affirms in the last stanza of the well-known song in the "Preface" to *Milton*:

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor will my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.

The problem, apparently, is to find mental weapons which will expand the perceptions and sympathies of men—not rouse their indignation, hatred and fear. Blake's weapon was his art. And, in spite of its initial failure to find a large public, it may yet make more impression on human history than the polemics of Voltaire and Gibbon.

He called his ideal city Jerusalem, and argued that it must be built on mutual human love and the continuous forgiveness of sins—or not at all. Unfortunately, the minds of most men still seem to work like that of the "perturbed Man" in Blake's last great prophetic poem, *Jerusalem*:

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark:
"Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!
"Seeking to keep my soul a victim of thy Love! which binds
"Man, the enemy of man, into deceitful friendships,
"Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite:
"By demonstration man alone can live, and not by faith.
"My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:
"The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon & Snowdon
"Are mine: here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue.
"Humanity shall be no more, but war & princedom & victory!"

Blake also expressed, in "Auguries of Innocence," the deep natural antagonism between dreams of a great society and the realities of a warfare state:

The Beggar's Rags, fluttering in Air
Does to Rags the Heavens tear.
The Soldier, arm'd with Sword & Gun,
Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.
. . . . . .
Nought can deform the Human Race
Like to the Armour's iron brace.

The second couplet, above, expresses the fundamental helplessness of military "power." If a man arm himself with "Sword & Gun," rocket and bomb, he can kill his neighbor and brutalize himself. However, he cannot repress the human energy which flares like "the Summer's Sun," perhaps constructively, perhaps—if opposed by violence—in violent revolution.

Blake's early, optimistic answer to the human predicament was that liberation would come through expanded consciousness—including sexual emancipation. He expressed it thus in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*:

. . . the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.
This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.
But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged. . . .
If the doors of perception were cleansed, every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.
For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.

The first part of this prophecy may remind readers of the famous conclusion to *Civilization and Its Discontents*, in which Freud acknowledges man's "dejection" and "apprehension" at the apparent ascendancy of the death wish in human affairs. Then he affirms: "And now it may be expected that the other of the two 'heavenly forces,' eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary." However, Freud foresaw no apocalypse. At most he hoped that mankind might partially redress the balance, yet continue to endure enough in the way of repression and deprivation to keep "civilization" going.

When Blake came to write *Jerusalem*, he turned his emphasis from sexual liberation and consciousness expansion to what he came to feel was the overwhelming need for mutual love and the continuous mutual forgiveness of sins:

" . . . . . for Man is Love
"As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death
"In the Divine Image, nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood."

True kindness, Blake believed, demands apparent sacrifice—a "little death"—from the selfish ego. However, he did not deceive himself as to how rare such kindness is. He described the exploitative and ego-building charity of the society around him in these terms:

"They mock at the Labourer's limbs: they mock at his starv'd Children:
"They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:
"They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts:
"They reduce the Man to want, then give with pomp & ceremony."

Blake envisioned no alternative but to struggle on with art and argument—struggle through "Mental Fight" to enlarge men's sympathies and perceptions until they dare to love their own humanity and that of their fellows—until they can relish without guilt or fear the "soft, moony pleasure" of sexual love—until they can face the fierce fires of creativity, and the eternity from which these fires spring.

His radical, youthful recipe for apocalypse by "the improvement of sensual enjoyment" still appeals to the young who are challenging some of the taboos of sex. His subsequent vision of the delights of expanded consciousness in eternity does not betray his early libertarian principles. However, the vision is more complex, and seems to reflect a greater appreciation of the variety of human possibilities. In the following passage from the last plates of *Jerusalem*, the four basic aspects of the human psyche—the personified archetypes of reason, emotion, sensation and intuition (I simplify)—are reconciled at last in eternity:

And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright
Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty in Visions
In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect,
Creating Space, Creating Time, according to the wonders Divine
Of Human Imagination throughout all Three Regions immense
Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age. . . .
All Human Forms identified, even Tree, Metal, Earth, & Stone: all
Human Forms identified, living, going forth & returning wearied
Into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days, & Hours; reposing,
And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.

This is a vision of mankind, as it were, "risen"—that is, sensitively aware of the unity of all life and the illusory nature of the ego—full of joy in action, artistic creativity, sensual pleasure, love and compassion for all living things. It is a vision of mankind at long last mature—sane and balanced—healed of all neuroses—hence gloriously aware and gloriously joyous and unafraid. It is a vision of the Millennium, and may seem to unregenerate readers entirely too fanciful to be of service in the emergencies which assault us in this fallen world from day to day.

But fancy can be transformed into fact too quickly in today's world for it to be safe to leave all far-out speculation to those practical people who are ruled entirely by their spectres. We must propose our own utopias, or our children may inhabit one of those interplanetary warfare infernos currently being designed by writers of science fiction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

View from the Crumpetty Tree

EDWARD LEAR: The Life of a Wanderer. *By Vivien Noakes. Houghton Mifflin Co. 359 pp. $8.95.*

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak is chairman of the History of Western Culture Program at California State College at Hayward and the author of The Making of a Counter Culture, *to be published by Doubleday in September.*

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

Like all good humorists, Edward Lear was not a happy man. An unwanted child whose rearing was left to a spinster sister (it was no wonder: he was one of twenty-one children his mother bore), physically repulsive (or so he regarded himself), guilt ridden by homosexual inclinations he could never understand or acknowledge (nor apparently ever put into practice), and the lifelong victim of severe epileptic seizures, Lear seemed from childhood marked out for an existence of solitude and secret suffering. Saddest of all, he was to waste the hope and substance of his days vainly pursuing the ideal of becoming a great painter, an ambition that was doubly pathetic: first of all because of Lear's own artistic limitations which would never allow him to become more than a nondescript landscape painter, but even more so because of the paltry standard of excellence that he, along with his society, chose to honor. The Victorian English may have produced a magnificent literature; but when it came to painting, it was the likes of John Millais and William Holman Hunt who monopolized their critical acclaim, deservedly forgotten academicians whose work rarely rose above the level of *The Saturday Evening Post* covers of the 1930s and 1940s and which, except for its frequently cloying religiosity, might still qualify for admission to Soviet galleries.

And yet, poor Lear! It was toward such mediocrity that he aspired, toiling away dutifully at one enormous, uninspired canvas after another, waiting in vain each year for a buyer to select his work from among the wretched hundreds in the Royal Academy's annual exhibition, enduring the condescending advice and instruction of more celebrated colleagues and then, inevitably, returning to the hack work at which he was forced to grind out his always meager living: lithograph illustrations for travel books and mass-produced water-color landscapes—precisely the sort of fill-in and background decoration that was, even in his own day, giving place to the photograph and the reproduced masterpiece. The most his work was ever to gain him in the way of prestigious recognition came early and passed rapidly when, still in his 30s, he was appointed drawing master to the young Queen Victoria. He provided her with twelve lessons, and thereafter whenever the Queen saw landscapes, she thought of Mr. Lear.

In her biography, Vivien Noakes has chosen to emphasize the nearly obsessive wanderlust which took the ever restive Lear away from England almost every year of his adult life—to Rome, to the Greek islands, to Egypt, to India. Clearly these endless arrivals and departures were for Lear a means of avoiding the anguish of close personal commitments, as well as a way to collect the material for his art. With the exception of a few affectionate but unfulfilled relationships with male traveling companions, Lear was never to gain a greater intimacy with anyone in his life than that of being house guest or host, dinner partner or casual visitor: forever the bird of passage, well liked by all, well known by none.

Miss Noakes has stitched together Lear's globe-trotting notes into a skillful narrative, managing to convey much of the adventure of an age that predates the packaged tour, when even the ordinary traveler was forced to rough it in his travels, arranging his own lodgings with peasants as he hiked the wilds of Arcadia, riding the Palestinian deserts camelback and bargaining with Arab bandits along the way, putting up for an overnight beside the Nile in the Temple of Isis.

But more important, she has drawn the pathos of Lear's life with great delicacy, allowing us to grasp the terrible estrangement that would allow this wounded spirit to confess its sorrows only by way of such comic riddles as the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo and the Dong with a Luminous Nose. Above all, she delineates the essential innocence of this man in whom, apparently, there never dwelt a single mean thought. It is little wonder that Lear was capable of such remarkable rapport with children, and found his highest success (though not one he sufficiently appreciated) in the nonsense literature he produced for them. Perhaps because his sexual gowth remained so stunted (sturdy Victorian that he was, he seems even to have regarded masturbation as an unthinkable vice), Lear never managed to "grow up" in many of the worst senses of the term. For he harbored none of the spites or envies, vindictive intrigues or embittered egotism that one might have expected in a man who had so crushingly failed in the grand designs of his life. Instead, as he grew old he became like a sensitive child, full of whimsy and tenderness.

The bleakest aspect of Lear's story surely lies in his failure to take proper pride in his own best talents. These include not only his now classic and still unsurpassed nonsense verse but also (and it is one point Miss Noakes neglects to emphasize) his superb cartooning. Art in the 19th century was far too lofty a vocation to admit the lowly cartoon into its province. Yet, Lear's brightly absurd little doodles preserve more vitality today than all the ponderous homilies of the Victorian genre painters. Nowadays we can only laugh *at* the lugubrious efforts of Ford Madox Brown, Augustus Leopold Egg and Alma-Tadema; but we can still laugh *with* Lear and his collection of bizarre beasties, loony birds, and frenetic homunculi. They might easily take their place beside the work of a Saul Steinberg in next week's edition of *The New Yorker*, or even—at their most

AESTHETIC REALISM:

WE HAVE BEEN THERE

SIX ARTISTS ON THE SIEGEL THEORY OF OPPOSITES

By

Ted van Griethuysen, Dorothy Koppelman, David Bernstein, Chaim Koppelman, Lou Bernstein, Anne Fielding

This book began with the still talked about Nation Prize Poem of 1925, Eli Siegel's "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana," of which William Carlos Williams, in 1951 said: "I say definitely that that single poem, out of a thousand others written in the past quarter century, secures our place in the cultural world."

Find the poem in the present book.

$4.95; paper, $1.95

Order from:

Definition Press

39 GROVE STREET • NYC 10014

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comic-grotesque—in the pages of the underground press.

Nonsense verse and cartooning: minor talents perhaps—but in Lear's hands, honest and enduring ones still capable of winning our respect in an age that has delved deeply into the absurdity of human existence only to find the terrors that hide beneath. Who among us, then, would be surprised to learn that the man who discovered the land where the Jumblies live also wrote, in one of his many spells of killing despair, "I have come to the conclusion that nobody ought ever to marry at all, & that no more people ought ever to be born, & so we should be gradually extinguished, & the world be left to triumphant chimpanzees, gorillas, cockroaches & crocodiles."

The English Way of Life

I WANT IT NOW. *By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. 255 pp. $5.75.*

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS. *By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown & Co. 244 pp. $4.95.*

THE SLEEP OF REASON. *By C. P. Snow. Charles Scribner's Sons. 483 pp. $6.95.*

SOMETHING TO ANSWER FOR. *By P. H. Newby. J. B. Lippincott Co. 285 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press) and is working on a book about the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

In his admirable study of the modern English and American novel Walter Allen writes that "the great theme [for English novelists] has been man's life in society; more precisely, the education of men and women, in the sense of their learning to distinguish, through their inescapable involvement in society, the true from the false both in themselves and in the world about them." Four recent works, different though they are in setting, range, style, tone and technique, not only fall within the broad field of Allen's critical vision but occupy a very special corner of it. For each is to some degree concerned with the question of responsibility: perhaps much less with the *ways* of being educated to the true and the false than with the increasing and obsessive *need* for it in a world grown (on a comparatively harmless level) crass, stodgy and hypocritical, and (on the more dangerous one) nihilistic and self-destructive.

Kingsley Amis' *I Want It Now*, a satire on the British and American Establishments, the rich, the television industry, and varieties of human- and subhumankind moves on the first of these levels.

The title is replete with innuendoes. What the hero, Ronnie Appleyard, wants is "fame and money with a giant's helping of sex thrown in," preferably accompanied by sensitivity, appreciation and understanding, peace of mind, altruism and humanity. In short—and in view of the name Appleyard wafting faint scents of symbolism—paradise now. Who would seek less or ask for more? Yet though we all know that love is really better than mere sex, happiness superior to fame, health dearer than money, and inner serenity alpine compared to weekly sessions with shrinks, we are also probably Faustian enough to choose the second half of the equation at the expense of the first.

That Ronnie gives over his ambitions and learns that "when you fall back into the ranks of the failed shits or amateur shits or incidental shits you start taking on responsibility for other people" is ambiguous even in terms of the fairy-tale finale. Like Lucky Jim he can remain an endearing fraud sniping at repugnant frauds, and like the rest of us unluckies await a *deus ex machina* to rescue him from the bores that plague, the media that stultify, the institutions that manipulate. But it may take more than a leap of faith to believe that Ronnie, beginning as a kind of Satan in the modern Eden of Success, can wind up like Adam, shuffling "arms about shoulders" with Eve toward a paradise regained. If the happy ending seems possible it is because pompousness, sham and self-aggrandizement are never pushed to the point of danger.

The Military Philosophers moves a little closer to this point of danger. The third novel in Anthony Powell's war trilogy (and the ninth in the grand design of "A Dance to the Music of Time" sequence) introduces us—in the words of one English reviewer—to a world of "secrecy, obsession and sorrow." As in all the novels from *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* on, tragic restraint and comic relief are held in delicate balance. But progressively the dance of life has been superseded by the dance of death, and in war, particularly, the men of (not necessarily good) will—as much as "the winged and naked greybeard" Time—are directing the antic steps danced to a dark passacaglia of human decline and fall.

In *The Military Philosophers* we are back under the "Rules and Discipline of War," drafted and administered by mandarins like Col. Kenneth Widmerpool who has almost monolithic authority, and whose responsibility is first to number one, then to "the big picture," and only incidentally to those over whom he commands life and death. It is more than gratuitous irony that Powell has Peter Templer tell hero-narrator Nicholas Jenkins early on: "A Military Assistant Secretary, like Kenneth, can have quite an influence on policy—in a sense on the whole course of the war—if he plays his hand well."

Obliquely, Powell foreshadows the novel's theme with one of its substantial images. The art of war is, for the military philosophers at the top, an intellectual game of bluff and gamble, and Widmerpool holds all the aces. Literally, too, Widmerpool's hands, "small, gnarled, with cracked nails," are everywhere: saluting, waving, shuffling, prodding, dialing, nudging the hand of fate and time. It was his signing of an order (in *The Soldier's Art*) that posted Charles Stringham to the Far East, and it is his "[putting] up a paper" here that strands Templer without supplies while aiding a leftist resistance movement that has ceased to interest the War Office. Two of the original quartet of schoolmates are now dead; and through one of those incredibly fertile Powellian ironies, Widmerpool, by marrying the appalling and highly sexual Pamela Flitton (Stringham's niece and quondam mistress of Templer), inherits Stringham's money. The man of power has evened old scores with the men of imagination.

Nick, of course, still endures, at times coolly distant and impartial, but always questioning, always fully and sadly human. He is as much hypnotized as horrified by the idiocy of bureaucracy, the cold-bloodedness and casuistry of the Widmerpools, the dehumanization of men at war, and the grimness of war itself. At the end of the war, he is no longer the person he once had been. To slough off his major's costume, "to give up the Stage [of war] and find something else to do" in peacetime demands that he outfit himself with a new dress and a new set of personal and social responsibilities. Under such circumstances perhaps this is all one can ask of any man.

I say "perhaps" because C. P. Snow, in his "Strangers and Brothers" series, obviously asks more: asks, in fact, that the story be true in the literal sense, asks that his heroes—the "new men"—not pay even a shilling for clothes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that stamp them oddly but insulate themselves in the going social fabric or, lacking it, career nakedly toward madness, anarchy and the grave. Between Nick Jenkins and Lewis Eliot (Snow's narrator) lies the gulf between a David Copperfield or a "Marcel," say, and a social conscience. Whereas the character of Jenkins has dramatically advanced, that of Eliot has drastically receded, becoming nearly indistinct.

On its periphery *The Sleep of Reason* reflects the uneasiness accruing from such problems as the generation gap, student freedom and power politics in academe, and the general muddle of the welfare state; but its center concerns the sadistic slaying of a young boy by two Lesbians (a kind of parody or transcript of the moor murders), and long trial scenes which directly or indirectly explore the book's principal theme: man's historic, societal, personal, moral, even existential, responsibilities in a world that must be controlled by reason if the world is to survive. Put reason to sleep, let instinct run rampant, and we are plunged into the "aboriginal sea out of which we had all climbed. . . . The sleep of reason brings forth monsters."

Instinct in ascendancy over reason is in part the theme of P. H. Newby's fine novel, *Something To Answer For*, written at times in a highly textured poetic prose that never interferes with action often carried on at white heat. The protagonist, Jack Townrow, while hardly monstrous, is nevertheless something of a pariah, an incredibly inept, rootless, but sympathetic Artful Dodger who returns to Egypt shortly before the Suez crisis both to help and defraud the widow of an old friend, and ends as a man instead. Like other Newby settings, Port Said in 1956 is less realistic than mythic, at times reminiscent of Conrad's inscrutable sea- and landscapes or the even stranger fissures of Graham Greeneland.

Suspected of being a Jewish agent by the police and an Egyptian sympathizer by gun-running revolutionaries, involved in a painful love affair with the enigmatic Egyptian Jewess, Leah Strauss, and nearly shot by invading paratroopers—one of the best scenes in the book—Townrow inadvertently becomes a critical link on the chain of responsibilities connecting past, present and future.

As his "grip on reality" grows more and more tenuous, reason and caution are thrown to the winds, and he is left to shift as best he can by instinct alone. He realizes that you "can't answer for anything outside your own personal experience," but that "[remembering] experiences wrong you didn't count at all. You weren't human." Part scapegoat, part pawn in the movements of history, and part mover, Townrow is all too human. His quest for stability in a mad world, for identity and individuality—is he ex-Sergeant Townrow, or his aliases, Captain Ferris and Major Bray? or is he the imperfect anagram of one of his names: wornout?—is in a way everyone's search for self-knowledge, for an end to illusion and innocence, and finally for responsibility to oneself before (to reiterate Walter Allen's phrase) "inescapable involvement in society."

Indeed, if the societal code is wrong, why become involved at all? Townrow apparently doesn't. Alone, he takes to sea in a small boat, having "no option but [to] hang on and hope the dreaming would stop," protecting his "light," struck with a "damp match," against the wind. What Townrow learns, and what is learned through different means by Appleyard, Jenkins and Eliot, is nearly the same in the end. That a man must "decide, absolutely, to answer for himself" is not merely something, but perhaps the hardest thing.

Fun in Words

THE BODY. *By Michael Benedikt. Wesleyan University Press. 77 pp. $4. Paper $2.*

TIMOTHY BALAND

Mr. Baland is a poet and farmer from Wisconsin.

In Michael Benedikt's new book, sometimes the humor is playful and affectionate, bringing out the fun in things. One poem tries to figure out a symbol for a girl friend. He begins thinking it might be a tendril, and winds up declaring it "was actually something like hogwort/or liverwurst!"

Besides the humor, there are poems that move about on the edge of some hidden, spiritual life, making sudden thrusts down deep, but seldom staying long. The poem "Thoughts" goes:

Excuse me, isn't that you I see concealed underneath there
Inside the shield, or conning tower, of your head,
Your eyes looking out of the perforations in your flesh?
How can you think you can see from out of liquid, anyway?
Are rain puddles watching me even now,
And can ducts which punctuate the underground of a field
Examine it at will for buried treasure?
Is the rain outside your window a voyeur, then? Deep down under all that, though,
Underneath the liquids and the various unobservant stuffs,
There is a spirit, shifting around from foot to foot.

To get to that spirit down there, "underneath," he proposes change. "Time passes/and all things that we love must change." Or in another poem, "I myself begin to feel that we must retire from our previous enthusiasms." But there is always a hesitation (thus the "must"), a feeling of "how do I go about it?" a sense of a long way left to go. He is determined to go on, yet Benedikt realizes that inward life will be hard to come by. "The Way Things Settle" ends:

Things are forming a configuration
That will be hard to break.

The poems in the book are not often moving. Instead, there is dissonance in them, aside-like remarks. The images come out of a fantastic geometry, the thoughts tilted to meet at jazzy angles. Preposterous lines float gaily off into space.

But the book has problems. There are nonsense poems, that don't work as joke poems or as oracles. "Some Litanies" goes on for four pages like this:

During the lapse of several years, during which I spent most of my time in Barcelona, was the magazine published?

Yes.

During the lapse of several years, during which I spent most of my time in Barcelona, was the magazine published?

No.

The Body also reveals an inability on Benedikt's part to describe simple scenes of ordinary life in a convincing, heartfelt way. Not many poems attempt this; "Observation Tower" does, and also "Some Old Men," which opens:

Nobody understands the reason for these indigent sweepers being here
And coming by every evening at the edge of Tuileries
Sweeping the garden with sweeping equipment of past days

The lines are awfully stiff!

Finally, we cannot take all the sporty, talkative, seemingly joyful poems at face value. The poem "Joy" consists of things done at moments of *restlessness*: going bicycling, helping others across streets, "kayaking at mid-Atlantic," etc. The poem describes activity to get rid of restlessness, rather than joy.

The strong thing about the book is Benedikt's imagination. There is a lot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of outlandish, nervous stuff that, like Pop art, gets us nowhere. But there are also several poems where the imagination jumps about, and then suddenly leaps deeper. Most often, he heads into himself. "There I was at thirty/a blur on the horizon," is the ending to his Gemini poem. We can hope these downward, inward leaps show Michael Benedikt's true colors.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

If I am not mistaken, Lorraine Hansberry is the first American Negro playwright to have written an effective play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, about her people. It was a simple and thoroughly honest play in the naturalistic vein. She died in 1965 at the age of 34. Her husband, Robert Nemiroff, has composed a stage testimonial to her life and work which he calls, quoting a speech she made at the presentation of an award given to new Negro writers, *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*. The evening is comprised of excerpts from letters, public addresses, diaries and several scenes from her two produced plays, *A Raisin in the Sun* and *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* (about white and black folk in Greenwich Village) together with a brief passage from *Les Blancs*, a play to be given next season about African blacks, and one or two other theatre pieces with which I am not acquainted.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 4-28-69
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 foreign)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip No. .....

To Be Young, Gifted and Black has been running at the Cherry Lane Theatre since January. I came to it belatedly, not merely because of the pressure of other duties but because I am reluctant to judge a writer from bits and pieces of her work, much of which do not fall into the category of "theatre" but of "readings." I am glad now that I did not miss it; it constitutes a touching event and provided me with a special insight into the signally honorable personality of its author.

Miss Hansberry's outstanding qualities are sweetness and balance, a healthy intelligence, a secure spirit. She is perceptive, dignified, clear. These are attributes rare in recent Negro writing. Much of the drama written nowadays either by blacks or by white champions of the black "cause" tends to be melodramatic, hysterical or grotesque. It is understandable, perhaps justified, but frequently self-defeating. Miss Hansberry's statements are not soft; they are firmly tempered. In a beautiful letter written in answer to one from a Southern white "fan," she says that the black people must do everything to create a normal situation for themselves by every means from prayer to violent activism in defense of their persons and rights.

She views the crisis of the black man in the white community (or in the community of colonial powers where the black majority dominates the white minority) in the broadest human and historical context. In a brief dialogue from *Les Blancs* the black leader says that it would be simple if he could hate all whites on the ground that they hate all blacks, but having seen how many white hegemonies brutally mistreat their own poor he has come to realize that they have no more love for the white population than for the black. Hansberry's feeling for all people is intimate, rational, compassionate. Because of this her "propaganda" takes on a special forcefulness.

Not all of the original cast is now appearing in *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*, but despite occasional overstress —more often for laughs than from conviction—the performances are good enough, and in the case of Stephen Strimpell better than that.

I appreciate another facet of the evening's experience. At one point the author acknowledges a debt to O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* as an influence on *Raisin in the Sun*. (A similar influence is that of Odets' *Awake and Sing* on Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*.) There is a kinship in the "melody" of these plays though the key is different. But they all aspire to the same end: an understanding embrace of our fellow men.

Maupassant's famous short story, "A Piece of String," has apparently inspired Alice Childress' *String* which opens "An Evening of One Acts" by the Negro Ensemble (St. Marks Playhouse). It is an agreeable piece but Ted Shine's *Contribution* is the best of the three. (The third play is *Mal Cochon* by Dominick Walcot.)

This tells of a black woman in her 70s who has served as a cook and maid-of-all-work to sundry Negro-hating "worthies" in a small Southern town. She is cherished by her employers because her behavior is always "exemplary" in its patient subservience. Her college graduate grandson Eugene, who has been educated in the North, returns home to take part in a sit-in demonstration at the opening of a new drugstore which the town blacks are determined to have "integrated."

At first, there seems to be no special tension in the situation apart from the anticipation of trouble with the sheriff and his cohorts. Eugene patronizes his kindly forebear, but is scornful of her passivity. He talks about the "generation gap." He is shocked when the old lady indulges in hip vocabulary, but this is nothing compared to the horrified astonishment that overcomes him when he learns that she has poisoned the corn bread she has baked for the sheriff, as years earlier she did away with a doctor, a genteel savage who refused to treat her sick husband. As the play ends she is off on a trip to Mississippi where she has been told the governor is being mean to the black citizens. She will bake bread for him too.

Contribution is very funny. Since its joke is the wrapping for an act of vengeance which appeals to us as a sadistic wish fulfillment of an almost infantile sort, it is a wonder that we can still enjoy it. In part, the wryly flippant writing does the trick, giving the piece a peculiar innocence like those cartoons which depict mayhem; but even more it is accomplished by the acting of Clarice Taylor whose gently acid tone, her unquestioning self-assurance that what she is doing is natural and right, creates in the viewer a sense of satisfaction and delight.

An Evening with Max Morath (Jan Hus Theatre) is a one-man exhibit of songs, quotations, anecdotes, colored photos about America at the turn of the century. To be more exact, the period covered runs from approximately 1890 to the mid-twenties.

It is a thoroughly pleasant little show; it is also history. Morath plays the piano well, furnishes appropriate commentary, and generally strikes the exactly fitting note of easy sportiness. His agate blue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes, his sharp nose, reddish brown hair, shrewd friendly look and snappy suits make you feel that you are *there*.

And where is that? It is the time when the farm boy has become the city slicker and rejoices in his newly acquired dash. The cozy cracker-barrel comic has stepped out of the general store and rides merrily atwinkle on the Broadway electric car, blissfully aware that he is a big boy now amid blazing wonders.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

At his final concerts with the New York Philharmonic (April 3-7), Pierre Boulez directed performances of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and Webern's Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6, that considerably surpassed most of his prior achievements with that orchestra. Indeed, no other performance of the Stravinsky classic that I have heard preserved such a consistent transparency of texture, so that all the metrical components of even the most complex pages (notably the *Cortège du Sage* near the end of Part I) came clean and the chord structures were clearly audible in even the most ostensibly percussive passages. When conducted in the usual fashion of flat-out brute force, a certain noisy, barbaric power is certain to emanate from the *Rite*, but its stature as a musical monument is certainly dependent on the kind of clarity that resulted from Boulez's careful attention to the exact character of the instrumental sound at every point.

The opposite pole of Boulez as conductor was, regrettably, equally visible during the four-week Philharmonic stint (I did not hear the Haydn-Bartók programs of March 20-24), most conspicuously in a metronomically featureless reading of Haydn's Symphony No. 91, almost devoid of attention to any harmonic, melodic or rhythmic event from beginning to end. That the orchestra played poorly here (as elsewhere during the series) did not account for this kind of deficiency; I do not know how often Boulez has conducted this symphony, but it certainly sounded as if only the time signature and the number of measures in each movement were of interest to him.

It is impossible for the outsider to speculate on some of the reasons for Boulez's varying success with his programs, although shrewd guesses about which works on each program had received the most rehearsal would probably turn out to be correct. Some works presumably "standard" in his repertory turned up in decidedly unkempt form: Stravinsky's *Symphonies of Winds* and Debussy's *Jeux* were perceptibly inferior to his recordings, and the Schoenberg Five Orchestral Pieces hardly matched his performance here four years ago with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra; the Berg Violin Concerto suffered from a wayward soloist and was distinctly less successful than last fall's Grumiaux-Leinsdorf version. Hardly any of the music was "standard" in the repertory of the orchestra, which is probably the better for having renewed acquaintance, even if imperfectly, with what should by now be its bread and butter.

Even with allowance for these difficulties, the Philharmonic series and the "triple-threat" (composer-conductor-pianist) Boulez evening at Hunter College (March 7) tended to reinforce the impression of certain limitations. In his fully realized performances, the main stock in trade is rhythmic exactitude and sonic clarity, and for some music this is enough: where these categories define a work's major structural connections, the Boulez approach is likely to be successful. But where a high degree of point-to-point flexibility, particularly in such matters as agogic and stress accents, is necessary to define and structure the relationships among successive events, his readings tend to miss the point. In this respect, the Hunter College performance of *Pierrot Lunaire* was particularly instructive, for despite some inequalities in the ensemble it contrasted a transparent, generally neutral instrumental background with Bethany Beardslee's highly profiled *Sprechstimme*. (The use of Miss Beardslee, and of Judith Raskin to sing Ravel's Shéhérazade with the Philharmonic, constituted a welcome reversal of Boulez's notorious indifference to vocal standards, as evidenced by such past examples as the *Wozzeck* recording.) To insist on Boulez's limitations is not to detract from his very real achievements, including that

SHELL UNFAIR

While other oil companies have reached satisfactory contract settlements with Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Intl. Union, AFL-CIO, Shell refuses to do so. Shell seeks to fire 10 men and suspend 15 others who dared go on strike. Shell seeks to deny 1969 vacations to more than 200 men. Shell demands a break-down of established work rules, so that skilled craftsmen and operators will have to do the work traditionally belonging to other trades.

PLEASE
Don't Buy Shell Products
Return Your Credit Card

(Mail your Shell credit card to P. O. Box 80, Tulsa, Okla., and tell them to send it back ONLY after reaching a settlement of the California labor dispute.)

OIL, CHEMICAL AND ATOMIC WORKERS
International Union, AFL-CIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of exposing rather large audiences to a significant quantity of 20th-century music, and doing this in a serious and thoroughly professional way.

Before leaving the subject of Boulez, I must mention the inaccurate and somewhat inflammatory interview that was carried by *The New York Times* after the Hunter concert. As a sociological document embodying some regrettably typical European attitudes about music in America, this could be considered merely curious, but as a source of information for the readers of the *Times* it had serious limitations. Since no letters of comment have been published by the newspaper (whose music correspondence columns are currently seized with the burning question of whether music in New York can survive Birgit Nilsson's curtailment of her Met season), it seems appropriate to comment here on some of the misapprehensions propagated by Boulez and/or his interlocutor. The statement that in 1945 Schoenberg's "influence was still limited to Vienna and Berlin" overlooks the fact that Schoenberg was then alive and well and living in California—and, not so incidentally, teaching and composing; it was, in fact, the works of Schoenberg's American period that exerted the most profound influence on serial composition in this country, while in Europe this music was hardly known before the Webern craze took over.

But then M. Boulez clearly doesn't think much of serial, or any other kind of composition over here: "They have no one in America as good as Hans Werner Henze, and that is not setting your sights very high." (It seems possible that a misquotation is involved here, for an interview in the Philharmonic program did include a mildly favorable remark about Elliott Carter.) Yet how can one take such an opinion seriously from a man who, a few lines earlier, has equated American composition for electronic instruments with "playing Bach on the computer"—which can only refer to the "Switched-On Bach" record, a phenomenon of the entertainment industry, not of the world of music? And this willingness to make judgments on the basis of faulty information extends to proclaiming a concert series as "the best in New York" even though he has never attended a single one of its concerts or the concerts of the other series that he denigrates by implication.

Many American musicians are conscious of deficiencies in our musical life, but they are unlikely to find Boulez's analysis of its defects very convincing in view of his misinformation about it. Unfortunately, most readers of the interview were probably not sufficiently informed to detect the evidence of his ignorance.

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

The two-headed monster you saw from your window yesterday—
Only a man carrying a boy on his shoulders.
When you saw them again today
It gobbled you up.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It puzzles me that Hollywood films of social comment like *Goodbye, Columbus* (or like *The Graduate* and *Pretty Poison*), which strive so hard for accuracy of detail and exactness of nuance, nevertheless come off the screen as Pop-art distortions of contemporary life. In part it may be the color, which is not used creatively, as in stage lighting, but is an approximation of natural hues just sufficiently awry to call persistent attention to its dyes. (The "color" in black and white films, supplied from the viewer's memory bank, is always superior to prismatic nature faking.)

But beyond that, I think, is a nervousness on the part of the proprietors that impels them to tick off their sociological data with the insistence of a television commercial making its sales points. *Goodbye, Columbus* seems to pause for an instant each time an item is scored, as though the director (Larry Peerce) had an ear cocked for the appropriate audience response. It is not a very obtrusive mannerism, but cumulatively it bends a dramatic performance toward a pitchman's demonstration.

In the dramatization of Philip Roth's story, the social medium is, of course, Jewish upward mobility and the items proliferate: Bennington is good but Radcliffe is better; food is for stuffing; rich women have golden hair and raucous voices; their daughters have their noses fixed; a proliferation of telephones is a sign of domestic elegance; men are wolves at work and slobs at home, and so on. Since the intent is satire within the "family," the signal flashers are, I think without exception, gently (and not always so gently) pejorative. Somewhat to my surprise, no mention was made of medicine as a prestigious career.

Much of this is funny, but much of it is self-conscious and gives the picture a case of the gulps. For all that, it is a much better than average movie. There is a lot of humanity in it and it is particularly well served by Richard Benjamin and Ali MacGraw in the poor boy-rich girl core of the story. Benjamin, playing what I assume to be Roth's alter ego, is quietly impressive as the bright, quick-witted but awkward young man who is fascinated, a little overawed and yearning toward a world he despises—and thus in the end more cruel than all those others he sees as the tramplers. *Goodbye, Columbus* is an adaptation of one of Roth's finest works, and much of the virtue comes through.

Moreover, the picture is evidence, I think, that anti-Semitism is at last behind us. Even five years ago, I would guess, it would have sent B'nai B'rith marching through the streets—now there seems no poison in it. Some day a similar picture will be made about the blacks, and we will know that another corner of tolerance and understanding has been turned. But not yet awhile.

NATIONAL ACADEMIC CONFERENCE ON ABM

ABM "The Choice Between a Military and a Sane Society"
May 1-3, Sheraton-Park Hotel, Washington, D.C.

Called to focus the attention of universities, Congress and the nation on the consequences of our government's ABM decision, its intransigence in Vietnam, and the increasing militarization of our society. There is an urgent need for a visible academic presence in Washington at this time of momentous decisions.

Major speakers include: Prof. George Wald, Harvard; Prof. Seymour Melman, Columbia; Dr. Robert Lifton, Yale; Hans J. Morgenthau, Chicago Univ.

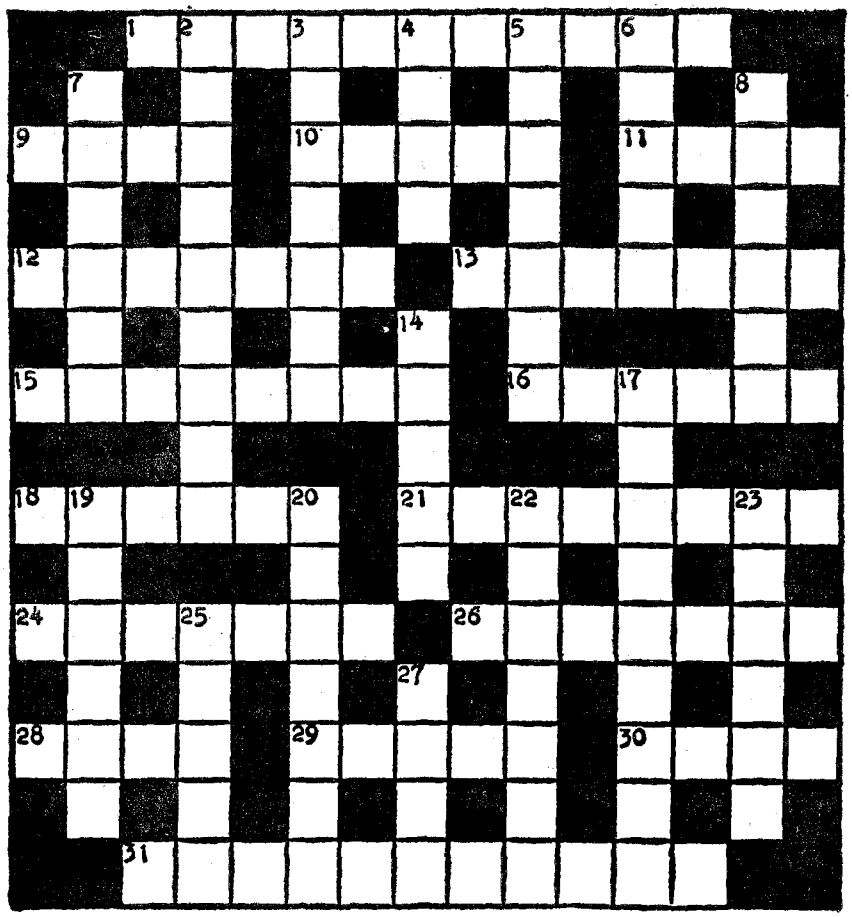
Among the 50 Conference Convenors are: Noam Chomsky, Richard A. Falk, Robert Heilbroner, Irving Horowitz, H. Stuart Hughes, Robert J. Lifton, M.D., Franz Schurmann.

If you are interested in attending the conference, contact:
ABM/CHOICE c/o SANE, 381 Park Ave. So., N.Y.C. 10016 (212) 889-3442

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1295

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 In entrances, one gets left with fencing, perhaps. (6,5)
9 It might be a liquid container in Delancy Street. (4)
10 and 28 One needs a little space to push aside part of the house. (5,4)
11 See 15 across
12 Nathan Bedford, perhaps, and how he used his pallet. (7)
13 See 7 down
15 and 11 across One might be 31 with it, but the left hands aren't necessarily boney. (8,4)
16 A number might require backing, and it's about time! (6)
18 Did something associated with love and honor? (6)
21 A whale of a story! (4,4)
24 Artists in the cabinet, perhaps. (7)
26 The fine points of military duty. (7)
28 See 10 across
29 and 17 down To bring things up, such as "What Linemen Are Supposed To Do"? (5,3,6)
30 See 25 down
31 The pitch might be foul! (11)

DOWN

2 Without pretense, a relative confusion at the big meeting? (9)
3 Too much of the type with a physical disorder? (7)
4 One might be all wrapped up in the head of 28 and half of 18. (4)
5 Studied intensively about us, with the force available. (7)
6 One the track of a snake? (5)
7 and 13 across How a fisherman or shepherd makes his living, one way or another? (2,4,2,5)
8 About a speck a long way off? (6)
14 One is bound to be on the other side. (5)
17 See 29 across
19 Legal argument pushed by many? (6)
20 One might find such things last. (7)
22 One might legally do it to his own car, but not someone else's. (5,2)
23 They have their points as South American money-makers. (6)
25 and 30 In two words, what George Wither hoped to find, or just females collectively? (9)
27 Barbarian New York, the morning after! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1294

ACROSS: 1 Motion pictures; 8 Stereophonic; 10 Straighten; 11 Eric; 13 Ensign; 16 Educated; 17 Revamp; 19 Lead; 20 Timekeeper; 22 Rededication; 23 Shopping center. DOWN: 1 My Sister Eileen; 2 To err is human; 3 Opening day; 4 and 14 Pop the question; 5 Closes up; 6 Unit; 7 Dancing partner; 9 Arrival point; 12 Asseverate; 15 Beriberi; 18 Sewing; 21 Reap.

RECORDS

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. **MHS RECORDS, Box 932 NA, New York, N. Y. 10023.**

EDUCATIONAL

QUAKER STUDY CENTER—Suburban Philadelphia. Special program for study in social change, non-violence and radical living. Also year's seminar on man's search for meaning, confirmation and dialogue. Write: **L. W. Lewis, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 19086.**

PUBLICATIONS

My name is Richard, I write books—publish them myself, sell them for $1. Want one? Send $1 to: **Richard Liebow, 948 Market, San Francisco 94102.**

KNOW CANADA BETTER!

See world affairs from a **different** perspective!

Read **CANADIAN DIMENSION**

Independent, lively, and original. Canada's leading forum for radical thought.

$4.00 for eight large issues

Write to:

CANADIAN DIMENSION
P.O. Box 1413
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba, Canada

PERSONALS

DISCOVER an intriguing, fun way of meeting literate Jewish singles. FREE literature: **OPERATION MAZEL TOV, 663 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. 10022.**

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized Dating Service (All Ages). "Let **TEAM** Make You a Team". For **FREE** questionnaire write: **TEAM Project, 245 E. 30th St., New York, N.Y. 10016**

MAN CANNOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE — requires protein containing lysine. Make contraceptives free everywhere. **Grand Central Sta. 4069, New York City.**

SKILLED WRITER, EDITOR analyses, revises fiction, non-fiction. French-English. **Box #623, c/o The Nation.**

SOCK IT TO ME—over 225 other underground buttons. **1/25c, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75.** Bumperstickers, beads and peace jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Free sample to stores. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

HOUSE FOR SALE

SO. NORWALK, CONNECTICUT. Waterfront community, with private beach, boat basin, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living, dining, family rooms. Full basement, garage. Low $40's. **Code 203 838-5039 evenings and weekends.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

BICENTENNIAL RESEARCH ASSOCIATES can prepare a pamphlet, book, or institutional advertising for your firm or your community's commemoration of the American Revolution Bicentennial. Inquiries welcomed. **Box 3749, Washington, D.C. 20007.**

Advertising Rates

Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 10014
242-8400

Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE OFFER:

A while back we advertised the book you wanted as a free gift with your new subscription to The NATION. You meant to subscribe then BUT you left the magazine at a friend's house, or perhaps you clipped the ad and were just too busy—or too involved with political events—to follow up.

Here's a second chance. If you subscribe now, you will receive FREE any one of the following books. Pick one:

GRUENING OF ALASKA, ☐
by Sherwood Ross

THE DESTRUCTION OF CALIFORNIA, ☐
by NATION contributor Raymond F. Dasmann

UNLESS PEACE COMES, ☐
by Nigel Calder

PAX AMERICANA, ☐
by Ronald Steel

THE SOUTH AS IT IS, ☐
by John Dennett

AIR WAR: VIETNAM, ☐
by Frank Harvey

BETWEEN THE LINES, ☐
by NATION contributor Dan Wakefield

AMERICA'S VIETNAM POLICY: ☐
The Strategy of Deception
by Richard S. Herman and Richard B. Du Boff

HOW AMERICA VOTES IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS, ☐
by NATION contributor Louis H. Bean

Send this coupon to:
THE NATION **333 Sixth Ave.** **New York, N.Y. 10014**

☐ I'll join you for 1 year (48 issues). Enclosed is $10. I've checked the book I want.

☐ I'll try you for 6 months (24 issues). Enclosed is $6.

(Add $1 postage for Canada & Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

N4-28

The good fight is now in THE NATION —Why not join now?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED